The Nation

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The Week

If any further doubts exist of the fitness of the Democratic party, and of Democrats, to rule, they will be removed by the test for efficiency made in the office of the Public Printer and recorded in the New York *World*. Of thirty-one employees reduced in rank and salary by the Public Printer, just thirty-one are Republicans. Of thirty-nine employees advanced in rank and salary, no less than thirty-nine are Democrats, twenty-five of them from south of Mason and Dixon's line. The Public Printer refuses to give out the efficiency reports on the basis of which the changes have been made. This is a loss to the world; for an efficiency test that functions with 100 per cent. of accuracy is something we have not yet found. It is our earnest hope that President Wilson, with the heavy portion of his programme out of the way, will turn his attention to this formidable outbreak of efficiency in the public service which manifests itself in the form of Pindell Ambassadorships, and the exemption from civil-service rules, by means of rider legislation, of Government positions.

The virulence of the fight between factions in the Socialist party of the State of Washington is evident from the labels attached to them—the "Yellow Socialists" are arrayed against the "Red Socialists." A "yellow" orator, clearly not speaking from the tail of a cart, declared that "the contention of the 'red' faction that a man has to be cracked over the head with a bluecoat's billy, or occupy a berth in an obscure corner of a box-car, before he understands the needs of the working class, is all bosh." But has not the grandson of a celebrated American poet proved that a course in penury and abuse will alone bring, by inner light, a conviction of the high justice of Socialism? Can't such a man better expound the esoteric in Comte and Bebel than any silk-stocking waiting in his library for intellectual conversion? Yet one is shocked to learn that the city offices of Seattle and Tacoma have obscured the question of principle. A "get-together meeting" two weeks ago closed with a widened gulf, the "reds" flinging at the "yellows" the question how they reconciled sympathy for the downtrodden with an itching to reserve the city plums for pockets already well lined, the "yellows" casting aspersions of the same kind on the "reds." After all, Socialists are not so different from the ordinary man when it comes to office-holding.

For a genuine case of the courage of conviction, commend us to the *American Economist*. In its closing issue for the year 1913 appears a column which by its extraordinary typographical display must attract every eye, and which we can here but feebly reproduce in ordinary print. Its heading is "The Tariff —Cause and Effect." Then come a series of "boxes," headed Prosperity or Adversity, as the case may be, with the date of the beginning and the ending of that state of things, and finally the designation of the tariff condition of the country at the time. Thus Prosperity and McKinley Protection went hand in hand from October 1, 1890, to September 27, 1894, at which latter date Adversity instantly took possession of the field along with Wilson Free Trade. Many people, as we all know, felt that there was a pretty bad break in the reign of Prosperity when the panic of 1893 set in, in the first half of that year; but to any one firmly planted on the rock of protectionist conviction it is plain that this impression was a mere delusion of the senses. Bank failures, bankruptcies, railway receiverships, etc., have an ugly look, but in reality prosperity continued unbroken for some fourteen or fifteen months after the panic started, and only came to an end on September 27, 1894. As for the so-called panic of 1907, it remained a mere hallucination from first to last, for it is safely tucked away in the Dingley Prosperity era July 24, 1897, to August 5, 1909, which was followed by the Payne-Aldrich Prosperity era August 5, 1909, to October 3, 1913. So long as we have journalists who show such unflinching adherence to cardinal principles in the face of the worst that facts can do by way of discouragement, the country's institutions are safe.

The deliberate remaking by the Ohio Reference Bureau of the recently passed Direct Legislation bill is an interesting example of expert mending of amateurish legislation. All the remedies proposed for the last summer's scandals are highly instructive as to the workings of the initiative and referendum. The principal suggestions number no less than eight, and the Governor is insistent that the amendments shall pass if the measure is to remain on the statute books. The perjury and forgery laws must be so broadened that false petition is a felony. No circulator of petitions may work outside his own county, and none—to exclude professionals—may collect above 200 signatures. Oath as to the genuineness of a petition must be made before the County Clerk, not a notary public. All petitions must be filed with the County Board of Elections, and that body must have power to investigate the signatures. Only registered electors, as by a recent Oregon reform, may sign petitions, so that the man who does not take trouble to vote is barred. Expenditures in bringing about a direct election must either be totally prohibited, or the corrupt practices act be made to cover them, and circulators required to make sworn financial reports. These are broad changes, but Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, and Senator Bourne, of Oregon, testify that they are in the main essential, and the Ohio press agrees that frauds have made the present measure intolerable. Critics will remark that if a deliberative and informed Assembly moves so faultily in an important matter, a wide electorate ought to be more than cautious in drawing up and voting on essential laws.

Justice Hughes had a forcible passage in his remarks at a dinner to Judge Cullen on Saturday night. The general tone of the speeches, as was natural enough at a gathering mainly of lawyers and judges, was that of deprecating anything like an attack upon the judiciary. But Judge Hughes, while abundantly sympathizing with the view that the courts must be upheld as a necessary part of our system of government, and as, on the whole, a great bulwark of justice, dwelt upon the fact

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that the repute of judges is largely within their own keeping. He pointed out that an able and vigilant judge of high character and great personal weight has it in his power to cut down the law's delays and ignore a lot of legal red tape and really expedite trials. English judges are all the time doing this. Ah, yes, we are told, but this is not permissible under our "system." It is a grave question, however, whether the system is so much at fault as personality. If we were to adopt the English system, yet were to go on putting poorly equipped and self-distrustful judges upon the bench, it is doubtful if we should see any decided improvement.

The report of Senator Borah on the reign of martial law in the West Virginia coal strike confirms every main contention of those who brought about the Congressional investigation. With the civil courts in full operation, and without evidence that the popular bitterness would impair their function, the military authorities arrested, sentenced, and punished men in violation of the Constitution of the State and the nation. Even arrests made outside the zone of martial law resulted in military trial. Worst of all, penalties in excess of those permitted by law were imposed on the arbitrary ground that public intimidation was demanded. Certain aspects of the Governor's attempt to preserve order and stop rioting and murder by use of the militia may have been justifiable; but certainly the outline of the situation furnished by Senator Borah shows that decision upon the guilt or innocence of those charged with violence could have been, and should have been, left to judge and jury, and that in the light of the statutes.

It may not be entirely regrettable in the public interest if the general method of railroad promotion and construction here employed should be found unprofitable.

This unsympathetic sentence from a 16,000-word report by the Massachusetts Public Service Commission on the Hampden Railroad follows a decision by which the promoters are left many dollars out of pocket. They had asked for authority to raise their capitalization to $3,900,000, but were allowed only $3,300,000. Whereas the company's officials averred they have spent $4,400,000 in constructing the road, 14.85 miles long, in the opinion of the Commission "the reasonable and proper cost incurred" was $3,367,789. Thus it not merely scales down the expected profits of the builders, but leaves them with an admitted loss of $67,789. The Massachusetts press notes the decision as checking a threatened "flagrant scandal." More instructive to the outsider is the moral warmth with which the Commission actually gloats over a loss involved in extravagant and inflated construction methods. A minority report indicates that the incident will give an impulse to the movement in Massachusetts for making actual value, not cost, the basis of railway capitalization.

Thrifty New England is summoned to go itself one better. It has capitalized its summer and autumn, confesses a writer in the Boston *Globe*, by drawing visitors to "its picturesque mountains, its vast forests, its rocky shores and sandy beaches," so that "its mild, temperate summer of glorious sunshine has been a stream of gold pouring all over the five States." What remains to be done is to capitalize the winter as successfully. For an example, New England is pointed to Switzerland. A few years ago, it is reminded, only invalids visited the Alps in any season except summer. But "St. Moritz awoke to the glorious possibilities of the Swiss winter. Mammoth coasting slides and skating rinks were made, and the crowds came." Now, what Switzerland has done, cannot New England do? Let her build "a double-runner slide from the top of Mt. Washington to Sebago Lake." Let her construct "a skating rink with a fine pavilion and orchestra where young and old could skate to music." As for rivals, "the South has no winter. The Western plains are bleak and dreary. Winter in Canada is like summer in the Sahara, in that it is too much of a good thing." The conclusion is irresistible. "It would mean millions to New England." How the shivering Pilgrims would have been comforted if they could only have known!

It is no new criticism that Dr. Pickering, director of the Harvard Observatory, makes of the Government's policy in relation to its astronomical work. The national observatory at Washington is called the United States Naval Observatory. It has always been part of the naval establishment, and its director, under the law, must be an officer of the navy. The consequence is too well known: the work of the observatory falls far short of accomplishing the results which the liberal appropriations made for it would justify the astronomical world in expecting. It seems next to impossible to get Congress to move in the matter. The reason for this lies partly, no doubt, in the maintenance of the conventional pretence that the researches carried on by the observatory are called for by the interests of the navy or of navigation; a thing which is true in only an extremely small degree. But of course there is a more solid obstacle in the persistent clinging of the navy to its prescriptive privileges. It is an absurdity that this great national institution of pure science should be under the control of a series of men successively "detailed" to take charge of it as a mere episode in a naval career, instead of being directed by one of the foremost astronomers of the country, chosen for his special ability in such work, and devoting his life to it. The fact that astronomy is a science in which American achievement has, from an early period in our history, been of eminently distinguished character only emphasizes the anomaly of having the Government's own observatory work carried on under the direction of amateur officials.

Wisely administered, the chain of banks to make small industrial loans which Julius Rosenwald announces should help meet a pressing need. State and city legislation, protective associations, and alert public prosecutors have done much in a negative way to combat the ubiquitous loan-shark. But positive attempts to drive rapacious moneylenders from their field have been almost entirely limited to the work of institutions like our thirty-five "Remedial Loan Associations," which last year loaned $22,000,000 to the poor of our thirty largest cities. In spite of protective legislation, wrote President Ham, of these federated associations, recently, "there can be no advance of permanent value until philanthropic citizens provide sums, subject to a limited return, by which the urgent needs of wage-earners may be provided for." In Europe this function of issuing money to de-

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serving borrowers, secured by personal property, assignment of wages, or even a mere pledge, has in great part been assumed by the State. Mr. Rosenwald's scheme is founded on one originated by the present Italian Minister of Finance. In France, the *monts de piété* have been a shield of long-tried adequacy against extortion.

The growth of the registration area for American vital statistics is slow but sure. Thus, the Census Bureau's mortality figures for 1912 report the lowest death-rate yet—13.9 per 1,000—in an area now covering 63 per cent. of the population. Missouri, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Minnesota are among the latest States to enforce the registration of births and deaths. In 1880, when the mortality rate was 19.8 per 1,000, the registration area was 17 per cent. of the population; in 1900 the mortality rate was 16.5, while the area had risen to 37.9; in 1910 mortality had dropped to 15 per 1,000, and the registration area increased to 58.3 per cent. The connection between a growth in area of accurate statistics and the betterment of national health is narrow, but clear; one of the most potent weapons of State, city, and national sanitation must be trustworthy measures and standards of population, birth, sickness, and deaths. For this reason it is urgent that the Census Bureau and the various humanitarian and medical agencies should succeed in their endeavors to widen the field in which such figures are available. At present it includes but twenty-two States. Even great commonwealths like Illinois and Kansas have only city regulations on the subject.

The small boy must begin to feel that a conspiracy exists against him. The latest piece of evidence is the establishment of a scientific test for the distinction between hunger and appetite. That there is such a distinction is no news, but hitherto it has not taken a vast amount of cleverness to obscure it. Now all that the doubting parent has to do when his child asks for something to eat between meals is to have the victim swallow a small cigar-shaped rubber balloon, fitted with long rubber tubes, inflate the balloon through the tubes, and attach the latter to sensitized paper. If the muscles of the stomach grip the balloon and drive out the air, the amount of hunger is automatically registered on sensitized paper, and the parent may act accordingly. But if nothing happens, then the parent knows that his doubts are justified, and that his child is not suffering from hunger, which is a sensation arising in the stomach, but is merely subject to appetite, which is an affection of the brain. All that he will then need to do is to explain this distinction to the child, and go back to his book.

There is obviously something like a propaganda against Philippine independence now carried on in this country, and some persons are curious enough to ask what interests are behind it and are footing the bills. No one objects to fair argument on the subject. The thing is in politics, and public discussion of the Administration's plans for the Philippines is fully in order. Nor need there be any suspicion of the entire sincerity and disinterestedness of some of those who stoutly hold to the opinion that it would be a great mistake to set up an independent Filipino government short of a generation or two hence. Ex-President Taft maintains this view, no doubt honestly, and he is quite within his rights in presenting it as forcibly as he can on every fit occasion. But quite apart from this kind of advocacy, there is evidence of an organized movement, with lecturers, etc., designed to create a public opinion adverse to turning the Philippines over to the Filipinos. And in connection with the cost of this undertaking, there are unpleasant stories afloat about development companies and concerns engaged in exploiting the resources of the islands. If they are, indeed, paying out money here so that they may be able to make a great deal more money there, their course is one that needs only to be stated to be severely condemned.

Americans will have to school their lips in order to say Viscount Bryce. Probably most of them will continue to speak of James Bryce, just as they do, despite his elevation to the House of Lords, of John Morley. But that the honor which has come to Mr. Bryce was fairly earned, not even his political opponents in England deny. One reason that he may have had for accepting it is the fact that it will close those foolish English mouths which have prated about his not having been a successful Ambassador in this country. It may be, also, that a delicate compliment to the United States is intended. This could have been rendered explicit if the title had been made, in accordance with the practice in the case of Wellington and Kitchener, Lord Bryce of Washington and Baron of the American Commonwealth.

A "Polterabend" dinner given by a rich family at Berlin, to which a New York newspaper thought it necessary to devote a half-column of cabled description, brought together guests "the aggregate wealth of whom was estimated by one of those present at $100,000,000." But this only shows what a poverty-stricken city Berlin is. In New York it would be a poor-spirited *parvenu* who could not rally at his table representatives of at least $1,000,000,000. At a really glittering affair of the kind no one would be admitted at all if he had less than $50,000,000. Mention of that sum recalls the fact that, full forty years ago in New York, a religious editor, describing a church wedding, wrote in an awed way that the group in front of the altar was worth at least $50,000,000. It was expected that the Almighty would be duly impressed. But nowadays the figure has gone up and it would take $500,000,000 to make much of a sensation in Heaven.

The balance of power in the Balkans is threatened and the European chancelleries are said to be disturbed by Turkey's attempt to purchase a fifteen-million-dollar Dreadnought now building in an English shipyard for the Brazilian Government. Because Turkey's plan for regaining her lost islands is so simple it may be assumed that it will not be allowed to come to pass. The Powers may find it necessary to lay an embargo on such sudden acquisitions of naval material by small nations in time of peace. On the part of Brazil and Argentina, such action would be received with vehement protest. Speculation in Dreadnought futures seems to be a well-established business with these South American republics, which always have a ship or two on the point of completion and are always ready to sell for a fair price to a Government hard beset.

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TRANSCENDENTAL FOREIGN POLITICS.

There is a story of a man asking after a friend of his youth, and expressing surprise that he had not gone far in public life, because, he added, "when I knew him as an undergraduate in college he was a great expert in foreign politics." One knows the callow type. The expertness consists in remaking the map of Europe at will, in launching navies and armies at each other, and, in general, in working out the conceptions of destiny and historical inevitableness and race-clashings and world movements which form themselves in the imagination of a young man, possibly a little touched in the head. But a similar tendency is sometimes met with in children of a larger growth. Men much better entitled than a college student to be known as experts in foreign politics occasionally allow their brooding over possible complications to betray them into an unreal and almost fantastic treatment of their subject. The whole thing becomes to them transcendental—something in which pure theory may operate. In their absorption in study of the weapons and potential fighting power of nations they forget the men and women of flesh and blood who make up the nation.

Of this weakness in a certain class of writers and publicists we are just now having instructive examples, both in this country and in Europe. In England, for example, the question of the great burden of taxation for increasing armament is becoming acute. It is getting into politics. A large delegation of Liberals recently waited upon the Prime Minister to protest against any enlargement of the naval estimates. And Lloyd George, with his instinct for discovering what the plain working-people of the land are thinking about, has lifted up his voice against spending more money on battleships. Now, this is the juncture which Admiral Mahan seizes for putting before the British public his conviction that the British navy is alarmingly weak. It is not possible to follow his reasoning, in the fragmentary reports of it given by telegraph. But we would not make light of it. Whatever Admiral Mahan writes is pretty sure to be worth serious attention. If he asserts that the British navy is not strong enough to be dominant both in home waters and in the Mediterranean, he no doubt can give reasons for that opinion. But the point is that he expresses himself merely as an abstract student of naval power. He discusses not likelihoods but possibilities. His writing is that of a transcendental philosopher. It will interest theorists; but whether it should much influence English statesmen saturated in the facts of the situation at home and abroad, aware of the failure of past naval prophecies, and conscious of the intense strain caused by excessive Dreadnought-building, is highly doubtful.

In connection with our own Mexican problem there has lately been a starting up of the high-priori theorizers. At their head stands the London *Spectator*, which draws a fancy picture of the United States conquering and annexing Mexico and extending American jurisdiction all the way from Canada to the Panama Canal. Such articles have a way of appearing in the *Spectator*, which is, as a rule, sober and learned, but now and then seems to find restraint irksome and gives its imagination a fling. This is easier in foreign politics than anywhere else; and accordingly we get apocalyptic visions of vast reshiftings in the Orient, sweeping readjustments in Europe, and now this dream of the United States taking over Mexico with ease—we seem to remember that the *Spectator* had previously said that we should need an army of 500,000 men and several years' time—and instantly bringing about order and settled government. A few other visionaries almost as sanguine are appearing among the persons with whom the New York *Sun* is obtaining interviews on the subject of our possible armed intervention in Mexico; though most of the opinions gathered are strongly against any hasty step in that direction. It is notable that nearly all those who favor aggressive military action towards Mexico do so with their mouths filled with large phrases about civilization and race-qualities and the book of fate. Sentiment has before now joined with sordid interests to bring war or the peril of war.

Now, we do not affirm that all this transcendental way of looking at the matter is pure folly. Some of the considerations advanced may yet appear to have weight. But what seems perfectly clear to us is that the present is no time for our statesmen to be rhapsodizing about world-movements and race-struggles, or to be speculating dreamily on how their policies will look a hundred years from now. Their problem is of the day. What they should fix their gaze upon is the facts as these actually exist. If this makes their course seem a little grandiose, so be it. They need not stand in fear of criticism if they only keep the peace, while seeing to it that our national obligations are honorably met. This policy will be called hand-to-mouth and rule of thumb, but no matter for that. It is better to be cautious, to advance step by step, and to deal with each situation as it arises, than to run blindly off with some swelling phrase of vanity, some formula of *Weltpolitik*, which may land us in unforeseeable miseries. It may not be magnificent, but it is common-sense to wait and watch and hope for a better turn in Mexican affairs.

THE MORGAN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. J. P. Morgan, in announcing Friday his firm's decision to withdraw from the corporation directorships now held by members of the firm, admitted that the action was taken largely in deference to public sentiment. He referred to the undoubted mistrust with which the general public has come to look on representation by a few great banking institutions, on the boards of the great railway and industrial companies, so extensive as to suggest the possibility of uniform domination or control. This popular dislike must be admitted to have taken at times a highly exaggerated form. Public men like Senator La Follette, not being content with pointing out visible or potential evil arising from the practice, have allowed a vivid imagination so far to run away with them as to conjure up a financial organism of their own, peopled by wicked spirits who, in the Senator's own words, can "create artificially periods of prosperity and periods of panic."

The Congressional "Money Trust debate" of 1912 was full of such strange conceits and superstitions. But the Money Trust crusade was nevertheless not a movement without a cause, and the cause lay in company management and affiliations, concerning which even conservative and cool-headed observers confessed misgiving.

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The danger in the system did not lie primarily in what was done through these so-called "interlocking directorates," and nothing is more certain than that the allegations of malicious conspiracy, put forth by the La Follettes and the Lindberghs, were mere raving. But a condition was created by this machinery of representation, on two or three dozen boards, by a few great banking interests, which had the potentiality of undoubted danger. For such a statement we do not need to rely on the arguments even of hostile critics. It was one of the most powerful financiers who shared in this distribution of control from whom the Pujo Committee was informed that "excess of power in a limited number of men is always a menace," and it was another, the head of a great New York financial institution, who told the same Committee that "it has gone far enough," and that while in good hands the system might do no harm, "if it got into bad hands, it would be very bad."

But the truth also was that the machinery which had been constructed was of a kind which its own authors were themselves scarcely able to control. That is to say, they might, as Mr. Baker did, deprecate further extension of its scope; but they were nevertheless swept along with it. Its extension seemed to be carried on, despite their own willingness to let the movement stop where it was. It probably could not have been stopped, except either by absolute force of prohibitory law or by such outright abandonment of the system which made the movement possible, as has been formally announced, in his own firm's behalf, by Mr. Morgan.

Such financial episodes as that which now seems to be somewhere near its end do not occur accidentally; but, on the other hand, they are by no means always the result of deliberate design. The much-discussed Money Power, in the shape of representation of a few great banking interests on the boards of all the great corporations, was primarily an outcome of the period from 1893 to 1897, when the country's largest railway and industrial companies had gone into insolvency and when the task of setting them on their feet again devolved on the international banking interests. That those interests should be personally represented on the boards of the companies, pending their financial rehabilitation, was a condition positively fixed by the capital, home and foreign, which was needed for the undertaking and without which it was not possible.

To an extent, similar representation on the boards of the huge railway and industrial combinations of a few years later was stipulated by the capitalists who "underwrote" the stock. But it is hardly possible to deny, as a simple historical fact, that in the turmoil of financial ideas which then prevailed the original purpose of such directorships—the guaranteeing of sound and conservative policies, as against the recklessness and incompetency which had previously prevailed—was quite lost sight of, in the new conception of companies with perpetual directorates, so manned as to prevent either change of control or inconvenient competition. The people have been pretty steadily occupied, ever since 1901, in doing away with the theories which grew up then with such portentous suddenness.

The Northern Securities decision stopped the progress of the movement through the "holding company" device. It seems to be the spirit of the day to solve the later problems, inherited from the period of financial infatuation, through frank recognition of, and concession to, the public's attitude by the financial interests themselves. In this respect, the action, taken with much dignity and straightforwardness by Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., is as impressive a sign of the times as last month's voluntary dismantling of the Telephone and Telegraph combination.

THE LIFE EXTENSION INSTITUTE.

In a brief prospectus, the Life Extension Institute, just incorporated in New York, sets forth its object, its plan of operation, the personnel of its organization, and the prospects of usefulness which its founders see before them. The object is "to lengthen life by applying modern science." The means by which this object is to be promoted are of twofold character. The Institute has "a Hygiene Reference Board of nearly a hundred leading experts on various subjects pertaining to health," the purpose of which is "to help determine the truth on hygienic questions referred to it"; and the Board "will aim ultimately to settle scientifically, so far as possible, the many disputed questions of personal hygiene" and will endeavor with "the cooperation of savants throughout the world to solve such fundamental problems as how best to ventilate our houses and how best to clothe and feed our bodies." The distinctive feature of the Institute, however, is its system of health-inspection of individuals, which is set forth as follows:

> The method to be used to prolong life is very simple and the same as applied to ordinary machinery—inspection and repairs. Any person, whether a policyholder in a company which employs the Institute or as an outside individual, may have an expert examination made of his physical condition. If he is entitled to the examination as a policyholder, he has it without cost to himself.
>
> After the human machine has been inspected, the individual will be advised to see his family physician, who will be furnished a full statement of the results of the examination—high blood pressure, or whatever the disability or disabilities may be.

Thus the Institute is designed to be a self-supporting business enterprise; but two-thirds of any profit there may be above 5 per cent. on the capital invested is to be applied to "extending its public usefulness." Finally, the names of the men prominent in the organization are such as to offer strong warrant for the expectation that its work will be carried on upon a high plane. Among them we note ex-President Taft, Col. Gorgas, Dr. William H. Welch, Prof. Irving Fisher, and others of national and international eminence. Mr. E. E. Rittenhouse, whose devotion to work of this nature in connection with the Equitable Life and the Provident Savings is well known, will be president of the Institute.

That such a provision for competent medical examination of individuals, at little or no cost to the person examined, is capable of doing a vast amount of good will hardly be questioned. The early discovery of slight impairments, which would induce the man involved to consult his doctor before it is too late, cannot fail, in thousands of cases, to avert developments which, in default of such timely knowledge, result in disease, disability, and premature death. But it will not do to ignore the objections to a general resort to the practice, even from the standpoint of physical health, pure and simple. So long as there is selection—so long as only those go to the medical examiner who person-

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ally feel that it is advisable for them to do so—the benefit doubtless vastly outweighs the harm; but there is room for harm as well as good. There is, to begin with, the danger of a false diagnosis—and diagnoses may be mischievously false in degree even when they are right in kind—which is far from being a negligible quantity; but even if the diagnosis is perfect, it is by no means certain that imparting of it will be of physical benefit to the person examined. The knowledge of a slight "impairment" may, through its psychic effect, do the individual vastly more bodily harm than the measures prescribed by his physician will do good. We believe that it is distinctly an open question whether the introduction of yearly medical examination as a universal practice would increase the average term of human life.

Nor will it do to look upon a question of this kind as conclusively determined by its physical results. Even if it were demonstrated beyond a doubt that the average length of human life would be increased by the universal practice of periodical medical examination, it would still remain a question whether the establishment of that practice was desirable. There is such a thing as paying too dear for a few added years of life. A hearty man who goes about his work and his play, his duties and ambitions and pleasures, without a thought of his health, may, through having this or that unsuspected danger thrust upon his attention, suffer an impairment of happiness, and even of usefulness, for which no mere prolongation of existence, and no ordinary improvement of physical health, can supply a recompense. In this matter, men present an infinite variety. There was a world of wisdom as well as of wit in the reply of the old lady to a great hygienic expert who wrote to ask her how she accounted for living to the age of a hundred. "Account for it," she said, "what nonsense! I have done just as I pleased, and the Lord has kept me alive."

By an odd coincidence there appeared in one of the New York papers on the same day with the publication of the prospectus the announcement of a forthcoming article by a physician, long connected with the Health Board, who "believes that institutes to examine each citizen annually should be established." Whether Dr. Biggs's idea is that such examination should be obligatory we cannot say, but the use of the word "citizen" seems to look that way. The truth is that there are a number of "movements" in our day that point to the kind of control of personal life of which such a proposal would be an illustration. Compulsory vaccination and other sanitary regulations stand in an entirely different category; they are measures for the protection of the public health or the maintenance of such standards of living as are indispensable to decency or civilization. But that a man should be compelled to have the condition of his own health officially investigated in order to prevent a possible shortening of his own life would be an intolerable invasion of reasonable personal liberty. There is no danger that anything of the kind will be attempted in the near future, but there is no telling to what a point the fanaticism of race culture—or whatever the particular cant may be that fits this case—may be carried.

A GREAT PHYSICIAN.

It is because he combined with a great career as a physician the production of a notable series of works in prose and verse that the death of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell attracts such general attention throughout the country. But if he had never published a story or a poem, his name, though it would have been on far fewer tongues, would be hardly less deserving of a place of extraordinary honor and distinction. In this day of systematic and organized research, making almost daily advances in the science and art of medicine, the type of which he was one of the finest examples is overshadowed by another from which mankind is receiving measureless benefits and to which it owes unstinted praise. But the time has not come, the time never will come, when personal qualities of mind and heart and character like those of Dr. Mitchell can lose their priceless value or cease to command the affection and homage which are their due. After scientific research has done its utmost, there will still remain the need for that peculiar intuition which is the mark of the born physician, and for that combination of sympathy and force, of careful thought and unflinching will, which are essential to the highest work of the great practitioner. And in no field of medicine are these qualities of more vital importance than in that of nervous diseases, to which nearly the whole of Dr. Mitchell's life was devoted.

It would be misleading, however, to think of Dr. Mitchell as in any sense representative of a contrast between the type of the research student and the type of the practitioner. On the contrary, the foundation of his medical reputation was laid in several remarkable and original investigations which he made early in his career; investigations not belonging to the domain which he afterwards made his specialty. Nor in this domain was his work only that of the able and devoted physician bringing succor to thousands of individuals whose cases had baffled the efforts of less gifted or less masterful practitioners; for it was the originality of his methods as well as the power with which he applied them that constituted the distinction of his practice. But in research, and in the initiation of new methods, he was but one of a multitude; it was in the qualities of his personality that he stood as one of an extremely small group, the representative of a type which must ever be rare but without which the world would be infinitely poorer. In quite a different way, but perhaps even more strikingly, the power of sheer personal qualities is illustrated by another American medical career, that of Dr. Osler. It was to his rare gifts of intuition, sympathy, judgment, and personal charm, rather than to any extraordinary scientific equipment, that he owed his preëminence as a medical consultant; and the powerful influence which he exerted on the progress of medical education in America was due, above all, to the enthusiasm and loyalty he inspired in those with whom he was associated, and especially in his students.

Dr. Mitchell's literary achievements did not, like Dr. Holmes's, put his medical fame into the shade. This is both because his medical work was of more signal importance and continued to the last to absorb his energies except during his professional vacations, and because his literary productions in prose and verse, though of a high order of merit, do not possess the distinction or excellence which place Dr. Holmes's

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works among the chief treasures of American literature. But in the case of neither of these eminent medical men was the turning to literary production in middle life an accident. In both cases the talent and the desire for writing manifested itself in short but striking productions in early manhood. In both cases a fuller indulgence of that desire was postponed for many years. But Dr. Mitchell continued to be chiefly absorbed in the exhausting labors of his strenuous practice; while Dr. Holmes, after the phenomenal impression made by the Autocrat, became chiefly a man of letters. In both instances we have illustrated, what it is always a great pleasure to see, the combination of literary talent with the acuteness and precision of the scientific temperament. That the combination is not so unusual as is generally believed the *jeux d'esprit* of a number of great scientists—Clerk Maxwell, for example—bear witness.

Dr. Mitchell was the last of a group of three Philadelphians, of nearly the same age, who, each in his own department, occupied a position of peculiar eminence. He was born in 1829; Henry C. Lea, who died four years ago, was born four years earlier, and Horace Howard Furness, who died in 1912, was born four years later than Mitchell. The three men were warm friends, and it is not many cities that can boast of a trio of old men at once so distinguished and possessed of such admirable and delightful traits of character. Different as were their fields of activity, there was one thing common to them all, besides their high aims and their interest in humanity. They were all three filled with the spirit of scholarship, and represented its finest traditions. If there is growing up in Philadelphia a group of men who in their old age will be worthy of being classed with these three whom she has recently lost, she is fortunate above most of her sisters.

DIALECTS ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

To the recent British lament over the decay of the so-called popular tongue, the first pamphlet of the new Society for Pure English adds its voice. After outlining the Society's hope "to assist conscientiously in the development of English," it lays down certain preliminary principles. These chiefly look to a restoration of the old popular sense for native expression—for a speech rich in localism, dialectic raciness, naturalness in idiom and diction. Recital of the fact that in Cornish, Sussex, Northumbrian, and the other dialects is the land's real reservoir of fresh, energetic English and its best mint of new words is not new; and the statement that they are the last refuge, in their vowel sounds and syllabic rhythm, from the current slurred pronunciation, only reflects Dr. Bridges's long-familiar views. But the pamphlet falls in with a general concern over the drying-up of the sturdy vernacular, and its encrusting by an artificial, town-bred speech. Correspondents have lately gone into remote districts, only to ascertain sadly that "journalese" had thrown a mortal dart at dialects once as vital as in Eliot's Lancashire rustics, or Scott's lowlanders, or the Devon of Blackmore, or Wessex of Hardy. Some tributes paid to the indigenous tongues are only less extravagant than Yeats's claim for the unpolluted speech of the Irish peasant.

To maintain that our American problem of preserving dialects is equally important would be absurd. Diffused education and currents of democratic thought have hindered the birth of true dialects on our soil, as the migratory habits of our population have refused them sustenance. So, too, the growing dominance of urban life has worked against them. Our local colorists have reflected in fiction dozens of distinct forms of dialect, but rather by accentuating the extreme individuality of New England, or the South, or the Far West, than by faithfully reproducing the vernacular of even the most rural community. Any American understands any of our dialect writers, while he would be gravelled by the first line of modern Cheshire or Kentish or Norfolk. Our fiction does, however, indicate popular forms of speech, nowadays much endangered. The Government has reported the inroads made by the moonlight schools of Kentucky upon the sturdy negligence of the mountain tongue. The picturesque acridity of New England speech, now swamped by foreigners, was vitally distinct from the broad humor of prairie diction, now fast being urbanized; the explosive West of Bret Harte has been civilized to a degree; even in the South, the old Creole-land and the old Virginia are becoming traditional. That these lines of cleavage represented a native vigor is beyond question. The chief agents in their destruction are the schoolmaster and the newspaper abroad. The newspapers could not be written in the style of Sir Thomas Browne or De Quincey, even if such writers were available; but it is unfortunate that they and other agencies are making current a standardized speech that is driving idiomatic coin out of even remote circulation.

Such idiom smacks of the soil. Wedded to localities, its preservation seems, in theory, feasible. The life of every section is reflected in its speech. In glory of cadence no American dialect equals "The Shadow of the Glen" or "Riders to the Sea." But we have a storehouse on which we can never afford to turn the key. Take a lower-Mississippi sentence that Clemens might have copied: "There's been a fray on the river—I don't know how the fraction began, but Dan and Bill feathered into the Joneses with their rifles." Agincourt bowmen would have understood "feathered into." In the tongue of the Appalachians storm is tempest, gay is gamesome, strong is sur-vigorous, the air is the element, agriculture is tilth and husbandry, medicine is physick. The people speak in metaphor as readily as the Tudors. One can hear in the Great Smokies, as in Marlowe, of cowards whose blood is snow-broth and heroes bold as brass. To become ashamed of speech with a colloquial flavor is to become ashamed of the very speech that has primitive thews and muscles. To read the country conversations of that random walker, Clifton Johnson, in his Highways and Byways Series, and compare the shrewd point of talk in "unprogressive" with the stilted flatness of "progressive" localities, is as instructive as to compare the Lincoln-Douglas debates with present-day Congressional oratory. The homespun language has a past; in it beats the heart of deep feeling, and its sayings and phrases have a race-old distillation of wisdom.

FUN IN LATIN.

The scholars of Westminster in London have been in the habit of giving an original Latin play every year, of the nature of a "review." That is to say, the chief events of the past twelvemonth,

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political and social, are made the subject of skits and jokes in Latin verse. This year's performance, which was so successful that it was given three times, had a great many amusing grinds on persons in public life, with witticisms about current fads in society. When one says that all this is good fun-making, allowance has to be made for the peculiar titillation which always comes from catching the point of a joke in a foreign language. And a special humor, of this derived sort, seems to lie in the fact that gibes at Lloyd George and jests at Larkin and puns and sly allusions at the expense of fashionable folk are found in school-boy elegiacs.

In the play, Davus, a "Misaristocrat," is easily recognizable as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He and Simo, plainly Sir Rufus Isaacs, are discovered at table, drinking healths to "Marcone" and to a colleague absent "in urbe Bogota." This was Lord Murray, of course, whose absence in Colombia at the time of the Marconi inquiry was much remarked upon. To his health Davus drinks enthusiastically, with the hope that it will be a long time before he gets back:

Absenti socio! longa sit usque via!

Presently Chremes comes in, the "plebis turbator Hibernæ," and excitedly demands how they dared put him in jail. But Lloyd George reminds Larkin that he is there a free man, and Sir Rufus Isaacs points him to the new inscription over the prison door: "Who enters here leaves *fear* behind." And a bystander adds the comment that Larkin got out more quickly than he got in:

Exitus hinc citior quam datur introitus.

But Larkin Chremes declares that he must go on with his "fiery cross" (*ignea crux*), whereupon Sir Rufus warns him that he will himself be burned by it, if he is not careful. At this point news comes that the Lord Chancellor has resigned, and Sir Rufus says that he is willing to accept the office. Lloyd George asks him, doubtfully, if he is able to pronounce the judgment of Paris, whereupon Charinus enters, a "Chameleon Authority on Dress," and Davus exclaims: "Atque eccum Paris ipse!"

After this the fun is diverted to suffragists and modern costumes and dances. Lesbia appears with a slit skirt, and Sir Rufus offers to aid her, it being apparent to him that she had "torn something" in getting out of her "Teutonic chariot" (query, automobile?). But Davus cries out to him:

O asine! hunc mulier fert hodierna modum.

To add to the confusion, a dancer comes in and makes advances to Larkin, who cries out upon the "Gallican" and protests angrily:

Nil ego tango te; ne tu me tange.

The samples given will suffice. But the enterprise of making a Latin play as snappy and "topical" and up-to-date as a French "revue" deserves a word of comment by itself. It might be thought to prove that Latin is not so dead a language, in every sense of the term, as has been asserted. To make it a vehicle for jokes of the day would seem to show that it is very much alive. And it is not merely a question of the students, who perhaps laboriously wrote and learned their parts, but of the auditors. If the hall could be three times filled with an audience quick to see and applaud each thrust, are we right in thinking that the habit of Latin quotation has so nearly gone out because there is nobody left to understand it? For our part, we should greatly like, if we honestly could, to draw comfort for the lovers of the classics from this Westminster play; but truth compels us to state that every one who attends the performance is furnished with an English translation, and also with a sort of little "book of the play" giving the gist of it. This seems like a dashing of the last hope, yet it must not be forgotten that many a good Latin scholar, judged by modern standards, cannot easily understand the language when it is spoken, or speak it himself. A tongue that is taught as "dead" inevitably becomes dead in this sense. And so it is, as the London *Times* remarks, that a "great instrument has been lost, which should have continued to be, as it was throughout the Middle Ages, the common means of understanding and fellowship for all educated men."

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

HANOVER, N. H., January 2.

Charleston, S. C., was the historic town chosen for the twenty-ninth meeting of the American Historical Association, beginning December 29. The four-score members who went by special train from New York enjoyed on the way a morning's visit at Richmond; in the afternoon, at Petersburg, they were whirled out by automobile to the scenes of the great conflict about that town; standing on the edge of "The Crater," as the peaceful rays of the descending sun fell through the trees, they listened to the picturesque narrative of a veteran who had lived through that calamitous day. At Charleston, likewise, the historic houses, the visit to Fort Sumter, and the military papers read at the meeting were vivid reminders of the past. At Columbia, where a final session was held, the members of the Association, as guests of the Board of Trade, greatly enjoyed a luncheon and an automobile view of the growing city and its thriving cotton mills.

A notable feature of the Charleston meeting, aside from the prominence of American history on the programme, and aside from the pleasant Southern flavor lent by the locality, was the devotion of many discussions to subjects other than the old-fashioned strictly political sort of history—to special conferences on religious, commercial, military, legal, and social and industrial history. These special conferences emphasized the breadth and many-sidedness of present historical study among the members of the Association. A word or two in regard to these.

The study of American religious history was commended by Professor Jameson to laymen, especially in view of the fact that the management of church affairs in America has been so much more in the hands of laymen than in Europe. He also urged that the various denominations, especially the Catholics and the Protestants, should try for a fuller and more sympathetic understanding of each other's history in America. M. W. Jernegan, of Chicago, on the basis of a careful study of letters from American missionaries, analyzed the un-Christian manner in which the early Christian colonists treated their slaves. J. S. Bassett, of Smith, dealing with the development of popular churches after the Revolution, shed a light on the heroism of the little pioneer churches as they pushed out on the frontier.

A large attendance evidenced much interest in the conference on Social and Industrial Aspects of Modern History. W. P. Hall, of Princeton, in a paper pleasing in style and sound in content, explained how *laissez-faire* doctrines in English politics broke down in the early nineteenth century under the influence of factory legislation, Malthusianism, trade-unionism, and Owenism. James Sullivan, of the Boys' High School in Brooklyn, gave an amusing account of the inadequacy of most of our history textbooks—of their failure to interest pupils because they contain too many dry political and military facts which have no direct relation to the pupil's every-day experiences and training for

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practical life. He succeeded in stirring up a vigorous discussion, of which the upshot seemed to be that political history must be retained as the backbone of history; that some greater emphasis may profitably be given to the social and industrial side of history, especially for the period since the great economic changes wrought by the Industrial Revolution; but that historians must be careful not to draw, nor allow their students to draw, analogies between the past and the present, which at first sight seem attractive and interesting, but which, upon careful investigation, may prove to be wholly fallacious. Teachers interested in present economic forces must be careful not to fall into the unhistorical pitfall of reading twentieth-century motives into fifteenth-century men. To one who thinks that the present enthusiasm for socializing and industrializing history is excessive and unstable, it was noticeable that the enthusiasts denied their faith by their works. For the next morning, when C. M. Andrews, of Yale, read a careful paper on colonial commerce, none of them was present; they were either in the overcrowded room below, listening to excellent papers on the much-abused subject of military history, or at a conference on methods of teaching, or elsewhere. Yet Professor Andrews was analyzing, out of his abundant knowledge of colonial manuscript material on both sides of the Atlantic, the exports and imports, the trade routes, and the resultant social and industrial aspects of colonial life two centuries ago.

In an entertaining paper on "Legal Materials as Sources for Modern English History" A. L. Cross, of Michigan, indicated how rich for the general investigator of modern English history, as well as for the historian of the English law, are the records of the cases decided in the common-law courts, the rolls of quarter sessions, and the records of manorial courts. Some of the latter existed into the nineteenth century, even such a great city as Manchester, for instance, being under the jurisdiction of a manorial court until 1846, when the corporation of the city bought out the rights of the lord of the manor for £200,000.

In the conference on the teaching of history, out of a discussion by F. L. Paxon, James Sullivan, H. D. Foster, and others, there grew a resolution looking towards the coöperation of the American Historical Association with the local associations of history teachers for defining the content of the fields of history in the secondary schools.

In the presence of a large evening audience the president of the South Carolina Historical Society, Mr. J. W. Barnwell, gave an eloquent address in which he touched the high places of South Carolina history. Professor Dunning's presidential address, which followed, was, as one would expect, charmingly witty, keen, and convincing. Disguising his subject as "Truth in History," he showed how the critical scholarship of the nineteenth century since Niebuhr has destroyed the legends and myths of ancient Roman history, and how yet it was this legendary "untrue" history which influenced the motives of the makers of history from Dante and Machiavelli to Luther and Montesquieu. It was not the actual events at Ems, of which we now know the truth, but the untrue version of them, which occasioned the Franco-Prussian War. "The course of human history is no more influenced by what is true than by what is supposed to be true." Fortunately, Professor Dunning's address is appearing in the current number of the *American Historical Review*, where its reading is commended to all, and especially to those who believe in the economic, the geographical, or other "sundrylogical" interpretations of history.

Space will fail if we tell of many other excellent papers, of the archivists and the local historical societies, and of the business meeting, with its discussion of the system of electing officers. Suffice it to say G. L. Burr becomes second vice-president to follow A. C. McLaughlin and H. Morse Stephens in regular succession to the presidency. Evarts B. Greene, of the University of Illinois, becomes secretary of the Council in the place of C. H. Haskins, who has resigned. The regular December meeting of 1914 will be at Chicago; that of 1915, at Washington, with an extra meeting on the Pasific Coast in the summer of 1915, and that of 1916 probably at Cincinnati.

S. B. F.

THE SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE AND EXEGESIS.

New York City, Dec. 31, 1913.

The annual meeting of the Society, held on Monday and Tuesday, December 29 and 30, was the most successful in its history, by virtue both of the large attendance of members and of the number of papers announced in the meetings. The host of the Society this year was the Jewish Theological Seminary, in the admirably equipped building of which institution the meetings were held, as was also the dinner on Monday evening, tendered by the authorities of the Seminary to the members of the Society. The dinner brought more than sixty members of the Society together and gave an opportunity for pleasant social intercourse. A brief address of welcome was made by President Schecther, of the Seminary; and two distinguished visitors, Professor Dobschütz, of the University of Heidelberg, who is the exchange professor at Harvard University this winter, and Prof. Arthur Ungnad, who is at present filling the chair of Assyriology at the University of Pennsylvania, were called upon for brief addresses. Both scholars emphasized the pleasure that it gave them to witness the present activity of American scholarship in so many fields.

At the first session of the Society on Monday afternoon, after the routine business had been dispatched, Prof. George A. Barton, of Bryn Mawr College, delivered the presidential address, which was devoted to a survey of the literature during the past year in both Old and New Testament, as well as in Biblical archæology and some adjacent fields. Professor Barton emphasized the growing tendency both in Old and New Testament fields towards agreement on large essential questions of literary criticism, together with a frank recognition on the part of the more careful scholars of the existence of problems not yet ripe for a solution. At the same time Professor Barton condemned in no uncertain terms the endeavors made in some quarters to raise a doubt as to the foundations of modern Biblical criticism. Referring to the recent effective answer given to critics of the modern school by Principal Skinner, of Cambridge University, Professor Barton added as his own contribution the proof that the attacks upon modern scholars rested on a misconception. The critical theory, he insisted, is not in any way affected either by the circumstance that it has not yet succeeded in solving all the problems of Old and New Testament study or by lack of agreement among scholars in regard to questions of detail. Professor Barton also paid his respects to those who in misguided zeal use "Biblical archæology" as a weapon of attack against critical scholars. He showed that this kind of Biblical archæology was entirely unscientific and either misapplied or misunderstood the real bearings of excavations and other phases of archæological study.

No less than thirty-five papers were announced in the printed programme, to which number several more were added after the meetings had begun. It was impossible for all the papers to be read in the three sessions arranged for. A compromise was effected by curtailing the time allotted for the reading of the papers and limiting those who had announced several papers to reading only one. If the activity of the Society continues to grow in the same proportion as during the past few years it will be necessary to arrange for one or two additional sessions. As on former occasions, there was a preponderance of papers in the field of Old Testament study over those in the New Testament. Indeed, this time the number of New Testament papers was so small, barely a half-dozen, that one is tempted to

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ask the question, What is the matter with the New Testament scholars in this country? Are they so much occupied with teaching and routine duties as not to find time for investigation, or is the small showing of New Testament scholarship at the meetings of the Society due to timidity, or to other causes? To be sure, what the New Testament papers lacked in numbers was made up by the quality, though all but one or two of these papers were of too technical a character to be reported here.

Professor Bacon, in a brief abstract of his paper on "Jesus as the Suffering Servant in Paul," remarked upon the fact that there appeared to be scarcely any appeal in New Testament writings to the famous 53d chapter of Isaiah. Professor Torrey, of Yale University, placed convincing evidence before the members for his thesis that the Book of Acts reverts to a Semitic source, and that this source was in all probability Aramaic.

Of the papers relating to the Old Testament the same general remark applies as to those in the New Testament field, namely, that the majority were of a technical character; some of them, indeed, technical to a superlative degree. Of most general interest was the address by Prof. Warren J. Moulton, of Bangor, Me., giving an account of the year spent by him in Palestine as the director of the American School of Archæology at Jerusalem. Professor Moulton made no less than five different tours with the students of the school in Palestine and Egypt, and was fortunate enough to discover an exceedingly interesting painted tomb, at Bêt Dschibrîn, which, while dating from the Christian period, contained many symbolical representations that were clearly survivals of an earlier age. Such painted tombs are quite rare in Palestine, and the one found by Professor Moulton forms a valuable complement to a still finer specimen discovered a number of years ago by Professor Thiersch, of Munich, and Dr. Peters, of New York.

One of the most important announcements made at the meeting, though not bearing directly on Biblical studies, was by Professor Clay, of Yale University, who was fortunate enough to come into possession recently of a fragment of a cuneiform tablet which proved to be part of the Sumerian original (or prototype, as Professor Clay calls it) of the famous Code of Hammurapi. It was known that this Code, the Babylonian text of which was discovered in 1900, was a translation from the Sumerian, and it is of great interest now to find portions of the original language of the Code turning up through dealers in antiquities.

An unusually interesting communication was that presented by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, on the Sins of Jezebel, which showed conclusively that the accounts of this queen in the Book of Kings represented in part distorted facts and in part involved such incredible assumptions as to reveal their late origin; the purpose was to reflect on the character of the wife of Ahab, who as a foreigner was not looked upon with favor by the pious compilers of later days.

Another paper of real value was that by Professor Friedländer, of the Jewish Theological Seminary, who, on the basis of a plausible interpretation of Jeremiah iii, 16, sets forth new reasons for believing that the Ark of the Covenant actually disappeared at the time of the destruction of the Temple in 586 B. C., and that at the time of the catastrophe it was thrown or placed in the chamber in which the wood for the temple sacrifices was kept.

An interesting feature in connection with the meeting was the exhibition of manuscripts and early Hebrew prints in the upper floor of the building of the Jewish Theological Seminary. This collection was merely a sample of the rich treasures acquired by the Seminary during the less than two decades of its existence. Among the 141 specimens displayed there were such treasures as a copy of the Genoa edition of the Psalms, of 1516, in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, and Aramaic, with a Latin commentary in the course of which there is a mention of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus—interesting as the first reference to the event in any printed work. The exhibition also included a copy of the edition of the Psalms with Kimhi's commentary printed in Bologna, 1477, which is generally regarded as the first Hebrew print. There was also the copy of a Hebrew Bible printed in Brescia in 1494, the second complete edition of the Old Testament, which is of special interest as the one used by Martin Luther. A Hebrew book issued from the press of Soncino in 1491 is noteworthy as the first Hebrew print with woodcuts. A work of Petras Niger, printed in Esslingen in 1475, contains the first Hebrew characters printed in Germany. The exhibition gave to members an opportunity of seeing what is now the third largest collection of Hebrew and Rabbinical litreature in the world.

At one of the business sessions announcement was made of the appointment of Prof. James A. Montgomery, of the University of Pennsylvania, as director of the American School of Archæology in Jerusalem for the coming year, 1914-15.

By unanimous vote Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, was elected president of the Society, and Prof. Charles C. Torrey, of Yale University, vice-president.

The report of the managing committee of the American School at Jerusalem gave an account of the activity of the school during the past year, and emphasized once more the need of gathering an immediate fund of at least $100,000, to erect a suitable building and provide for a permanent director of the school. Land for the proposed building was purchased some years ago, and it is to be earnestly hoped that efforts will be made during the coming year to obtain the necessary funds for the erection of a suitable home for archæological research in so important a centre as Palestine.

M. J., JR.

Correspondence

ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS IN HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of those who take the College Entrance Examination Board's examination in history, a very large proportion fail every year. In June last 70 per cent. of the candidates in American history failed to pass. This fact, of course, creates no little comment, and some indignation; and the demand for some explanation of so great a mortality is reasonable. The explanations are various. It is charged that the questions are too difficult. When an investigation of the questions shows that this charge is not true, the blame is laid on the persons who read the answers. These readers are said to be too severe. The last explanation to date is that the American Historical Association is trying to use the College Board to elevate standards of history teaching "unduly." The following paragraph is from the New York *Evening Post's* (November 22) notice of the annual meeting of the College Board:

> The committee on examination ratings presented a report, in which the Board's history examinations were discussed. It was pointed out that the results in history were poorer than in any other subject, and that secondary schools were evidently not doing the work called for by the requirements recommended by the American Historical Association. It was said by some that through the influence of the American Historical Association the College Entrance Examination Board had been used as a lever in an attempt to elevate unduly the standards of history-teaching, and that the standards set up were unattainable, not only from the point of view of the maturity of the students in the secondary schools, but also from the point of view of the time that can be given to history in the programme of study in even the very best schools.

Now it may easily be conceded that history is badly taught in many secondary schools, as in many institutions of other grades. It may even be conceded that the American Historical Association has been guilty of trying, very modestly, to improve the teaching, though there are many who would deny that this compliment is deserved. It might be conceded, though it cannot be proved, that the secondary school pupils are too immature to study history properly, or to meet the sort of examinations set. All of these things are largely matters of opinion; and all of us

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can, this being the case, lay the blame as far from us as our arms will reach. The last clause of the paragraph quoted, however, has in it a statement the accuracy of which is open to somewhat more definite discussion. What about the time assigned to history in the secondary schools? Is it sufficient? Is it reasonable?

It is assumed that the schools had in mind by the writer of the paragraph are those which prepare boys for the College Board's examinations. Therefore they know what the examination is meant to embrace. History is what is called a one-unit subject. It is understood in all educational circles now that the College Board's units stand for the result of a year's work in a subject on which the student recites five times a week. Yet it is perfectly well known to every one who has looked into the matter that those who complain about these examinations in history are giving their students three-hour courses in history and expecting them to pass an examination based on a five-hour schedule. Physics, for example, is more likely to receive six hours than three or four. It should receive five, since it is a one-unit subject. The languages and mathematics receive at least five hours a week for each unit.

Now this is no plea that history receive five hours. It is not even a plea that history be recognized as a college-preparation subject. It may not be. The field may be too large and too indefinite. This is not a plea for anything but an honest recognition of one or two elementary facts: First, whether or not a unit is to represent a five-hour course; secondly, whether or not the examination in a five-hour course should be so set that those who take three-hour courses can pass it; thirdly, whether it is fair or reasonable for the principals who send up students with a three-hour course to try to lay the blame for failures where the blame does not belong. One of the first things our boys and girls need is candor and fairness. One doubts whether such an attitude towards standards is likely to train them in these qualities.

EDGAR DAWSON.

Normal College, New York, January 2.

TITIAN'S PHILIP II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The newspapers yesterday gave us news of the sale by Sir Hugh Lane to an American lady of Titian's original portrait of Philip II. The portrait is of so great interest that it is worth while to have every detail of its history, so far as may be, correctly recorded. This was not done in most of the newspaper accounts over here, which stated that "since it left the painter's easel in the sixteenth century the work has only passed through four hands" (*Daily Telegraph*), and further that before Sir Hugh Lane "acquired the canvas it had been the treasured possession of the late Professor von Lenbach, who purchased it from the original owners, the Giustiniani family, of the Palazzo Barbarigo, Padua."

The picture has certainly passed through more than four hands since Titian's death, nor did Sir Hugh Lane purchase it from the Lenbach family. On the painter's death, in 1576, the canvas passed to his son, Pomporio Vecelli, who squandered his patrimony and finally sold his house and its contents to Christoforo Barbarigo. Ridolfi (see "Maraviglie dell' Arte," Venice, 1648, p. 181) mentions the portrait as owned by Gli Signori Barbarighi di San Polo. Later this picture and the original portrait of Francis I (the original of the picture in the Louvre) passed to Count Sebastian Giustiniani Barbarigo, of Padua. When they were in Padua, they were seen by Dr. Bode, of Berlin, who (as the story has been told me) desired to purchase them for Berlin, the price then being only a few thousand marks for the two. Not being able to procure the money, he persuaded Professor von Lenbach to buy them, hoping to get them later from him. The professor, however, refused to part with them (though they were the cause of litigation in the German courts), and after his death they were sold by his widow, through Heinemann, the Munich dealer, to Messrs. Agnew, of London. This was in 1911. While in Agnew's hands they were offered to various buyers, among others the late Mr. Morgan and the Boston Museum, for a price considerably less than the Philip is now reported to have brought. Finally Sir Hugh Lane bought the Philip, and it has been in his "collection" only a few months, he being the fifth and not the fourth owner.

RICHARD NORTON.

London, December 23, 1913.

JEFFERSON AS ARCHITECT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every student will heartily second your praise of Dr. Lambeth's "Thomas Jefferson as an Architect" for its service in reproducing certain of Jefferson's architectural manuscripts. Unfortunately, however, your review gives the impression that the book is a thorough presentation of Jefferson's achievements in architecture. The neglect of important documents previously published, which have been held to lessen Jefferson's part in the design of the University of Virginia, leaves this considerable aspect of the question for further discussion, while an evident lack of familiarity with other circumstances at the time prevents Dr. Lambeth from pointing out Jefferson's most vital significance.

Dr. Lambeth's speculations as to what Thornton may have sent Jefferson in reply to Jefferson's request for sketches for the University should have been rendered unnecessary by the publication of Thornton's answer by Mr. Glenn Brown in the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects* for January, 1913. Mr. Brown, who, as author of the official history of the Capitol at Washington, is familiar with Thornton's work, even makes the statement that the drawings preserved at Charlottesville are exactly the kind of drawings that Thornton made for the Capitol and other buildings, and that he feels confident they are the ones Thornton sent Jefferson. In this matter, at least, we must take Jefferson's part, for Thornton himself states that he sends only two "specimens of the orders," and comparison of the Corinthian capitals in the Virginia MSS., for instance, with those in drawings of Thornton's, leaves no room for doubt that the former were the work of one relatively an amateur in draughtsmanship. To Jefferson is due the credit for the design of the University, in spite of his adoption of several of Thornton's suggestions. Such absurd superiority to Thornton as Dr. Lambeth ascribes to him (p. 93), however, is discredited by the most casual comparison of the published documents.

Jefferson's real distinction is one at which Dr. Lambeth merely hints; it rests in the first instance on his design for the Capitol of Virginia, which Dr. Lambeth mentions only in passing. This design, the exterior of which followed as closely as possible that of the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, he sent from Paris in 1785 with the expressed purpose "of introducing into the State an example of architecture in the classic style of antiquity." Both in form and in principle this was the beginning of the classical revival in the United States. The architectural career of Thornton here did not begin till 1793, that of Latrobe till 1797 at earliest. Neither of these men, moreover, though they used pure classical forms, followed the method of the true revivalists who later covered the country with literal reproductions of ancient buildings, their interiors converted to modern uses. It was Jefferson who initiated this method, calling down on himself the just complaint of Dr. Dunglison, the medical lecturer he brought from England, that he was used to "planning the architectural exterior first, and leaving the interior to shift for itself." However much we deplore the revivals of earlier architectural styles during the nineteenth century, we must recognize that such revivals were not less expressive of contemporary culture, dominated as it was by the newly discovered historical method, than previous styles have been in their own periods. Of this characteristic tendency in American architecture Thomas Jefferson was pioneer.

SIDNEY FISKE KIMBALL.

University of Michigan, December 31, 1913.

REVERSED INSTRUMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The January number of the *Century Magazine*, on page 377, reports the following interesting incident: "Many thousands of the poor Russians followed while a military band with reversed instruments played Tchaikovsky's dirge." Beresin, in his "Skizze der inneren Organisation des Dschudschi Ulus" (Arb. d. Orient abth. d. Ak. d. Wiss. 1864, p. 387), mentions the weird music fashionable at the Court of the Khan of the Golden Horde at Kiptchak. Can it be that the Russians, under Tartar domination, have invented musical instruments which upon solemn occasions can also be played upside-down?

I am neither very musical nor very familiar with Russian history. Can any of your readers tell me what sort of effect a reversed band has, and is there a chance of hearing such music well played in this country?

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

Washington, December 28, 1913.

PROFESSOR PEARSON'S CONCLUSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on "Eugenics and Common-Sense" (December 4, 1913), is timely and excellent. The writer has, however, fallen into serious error in his reference to Professor Pearson's conclusions respect-

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ing the effect of alcohol on offspring (Galton Laboratory, Memoir, No. 10, 1910). Professor Pearson did not personally conduct any direct investigation on this subject similar to those carefully made by Drs. Rudolph Demme, Taav Laitinen, W. C. Sullivan, and others, who have shown clearly the extensive ruin of children by parental drunkenness. What Professor Pearson and his associate, Miss Elderton, did was simply this: They took the somewhat carelessly collected data relating chiefly to a slum district in Edinburgh, gathered by charity workers for another purpose, and drew elaborate conclusions, without using any corrective factor—the facts respecting an equal number of children born of abstaining parents. Practically all the children studied were those of drinking parents. There was no comparison with children in normal, temperate families. Conclusions so reached are obviously most untrustworthy and misleading. All this was pointed out by many eminent specialists some three years ago, in the controversy which followed the publication of the Memoir, in such papers as the London *Times*, the *British Medical Journal*, the *British Journal of Inebriety*, and others. These criticisms completely discredited the so-called "findings" of Professor Pearson. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Boston, December 25, 1913.

Literature

THE FAR SOUTH.

Scott's Last Expedition. In Two Volumes: Vol. I, The Journals of Capt. R. F. Scott, R.N., C.V.O.; Vol. II, The Reports of the Journeys and the Scientific Work Undertaken by Dr. E. A. Wilson and the Surviving Members of the Expedition. Arranged by Leonard Huxley, with a Preface by Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $10 net.

Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely, a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for.

So closed the last message to the public of Capt. Robert F. Scott. Thanks to the recovery of his journals, the tale has been told in spite of his own tragic fate, and the hearts that have been stirred know no bounds of race or tongue. It hardly needs to be added that his appeal to his countrymen to care for the material wants of those dependent upon himself and his companions was at once and abundantly granted. And it was fitting that after this was done the friends of Capt. Scott and his party should see to it that the story should go to the reading world in a dress worthy of its inherent nobility. Typography, paper, and binding are all admirable, but the wealth and excellence of pictorial illustration are especially to be commended. The frontispiece of the first volume reproduces in photogravure an oil portrait of Capt. Scott by Harrington Mann, a lovable face, with the highest grade of British devotion to country, duty, family, and friends unmistakably stamped thereon. Dr. Wilson holds the same position in the second volume, the plate being reproduced from a photograph. There are sixteen colored plates from water-color drawings by his hand, and a half-dozen photogravures from his sketches, in addition to above two hundred and fifty photographic illustrations, mostly by Herbert G. Ponting, the official photographer of the expedition. Eight well-defined maps make it easy for the reader to keep his geographical bearings, and the dates are indicated at the head of the pages right through the two volumes, aids which any reader will appreciate who has tried to keep his chronology and geography in hand in his perusal of Stefánsson's new volume. The index, however, is surprisingly weak at important points. For instance, nowhere under the names of Scott or Wilson or Bowers will the reader find any reference to the story of the discovery and burial of their bodies, related on pages 237-8 of the second volume.

Capt. Scott went into the southern ice with an unusually congenial and well-assorted band of companions. Each was well qualified for his particular part, all had faith in him and he in them. Given such weather conditions as Amundsen found, sledging from the Bay of Whales, thirty degrees to the east, a few weeks earlier, and Scott's arrival at the Pole and safe return, by the route which he actually took, would have been sure and fairly speedy. Against his choice of McMurdo Sound as a base, no criticism can justly be offered. It had its proper place in the general plan of a comprehensive scientific expedition, and there was as yet no known reason for suspecting that the western portion of the Ross Barrier, where it encounters the mountain slopes of South Victorian Land, might present weather conditions incomparably more severe than those obtaining on the meridian of the Bay of Whales. Antarctic weather is at best an uncertain quantity, however, and one cannot read this tragic story without coming to the conclusion that Capt. Scott and his party took too great chances in the amount of food and fuel left at the various depots, at all events as far as to the Beardmore Glacier. Evans and Oates, the two who died before the final catastrophe, had given grave signs of weakness before the serious shortage of food and fuel came on, but it is plain enough that with a gallon or two of oil and a few pounds of food in their little tent, Scott, Wilson, and Bowers would easily have worn out the blizzard which caught them only eleven miles from the next depot on March 21. Here, with but two days' food and fuel enough to make tea but twice, a continuous howling gale with blinding snow outside their tent, they lingered at least until the 29th, the last day on which Scott's freezing arm could move the pencil. And the last words were: "We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more. For God's sake, look after our people." Over this closing sentence were written the words "Last entry." When found, eight months later, Scott's sleeping-bag was open and his arm thrown across the body of Wilson, possibly never drawn back into the bag after that last entry was made. There were letters to his wife, his mother, and other relatives and friends written during those terrible days of cold and hunger, but no single word betraying any break in that absolute self-mastery which has fixed the place of Capt. Scott as an example of noble manhood for untold ages to come. And when their sledge was digged out of the snow, upon it was found thirty-five pounds weight of geological specimens from the moraines of Beardmore Glacier, dragged wearily along for the benefit of science for days after the party had given up all but the slenderest chance of life.

While it is true, as we have indicated, that a bit more of food and fuel at the proper points would have turned disaster into victory, yet the story as Capt. Scott's own journals tell it, even before a score of pages have been read, brings an impression of impending ruin and keeps that impression alive and growing almost as steadily as a tragedy of Æschylus marches to its catastrophe. If one imagines that Scott himself did not feel this, let him read the journal entries carefully for, let us say, the six or seven weeks leading up to April 17, 1911, when a new manuscript book is headed with the words of Sir Humphrey Gilbert: "He is not worthy to live at all, who, for fear and danger of death shunneth his country's service or his own honour, since death is inevitable and the fame of virtue is immortal." Twelve miles from Beardmore Glacier, on the way to the Pole, he writes: "A hopeless feeling descends on one and is hard to fight off." And at the Pole: "Now for the run home and a desperate struggle. I wonder if we can do it." These were no words of weakness, but a clear-headed conception of the meaning of the unexpectedly severe atmospheric conditions with which the expedition had been struggling almost continuously since its arrival in McMurdo Sound. Indeed, the struggle had been

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so severe that Capt. Scott would have had ample excuse for deciding not to attempt the Pole at all, and still no one can feel like blaming him for following his original plan to the end, nor would any of his party have received with favor a suggestion to do any less.

He was quick to see the probable outcome of Amundsen's appearance in the Bay of Whales. "There is no doubt," he writes, "that Amundsen's plan is a very serious menace to ours. He has a shorter distance to the Pole by sixty miles. I never thought he could have got so many dogs safely to the ice. His plan for running them seems excellent. But above and beyond all, he can start his journey early in the season—an impossible condition with ponies." Not for a moment, however, did he think of altering his plans and entering into a scramble for priority. "The proper, as well as the wiser, course for us is to proceed exactly as though this had not happened. To go forward and do our best for the honor of our country without fear or panic." And so he was not really surprised when, on the afternoon before his arrival at the calculated location, a small black flag flying from a sledge runner stuck into the ice told him of Amundsen's success. "This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. Many thoughts come, and much discussion have we had. To-morrow we must march on to the Pole, and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the day-dreams must go: it will be a wearisome return." Scott's calculations fixed the location of the Pole within a fraction of a mile of the point indicated by the marks of Amundsen. This, together with the fact that their converging paths of approach met so short a distance away, tends to increase confidence in the substantial trustworthiness of such observations, in spite of the inherent difficulties, which serious explorers do not deny or minimize. Readers of Peary and Amundsen will remember their admissions on this point.

The journal for the remaining seventy days wrings the reader's heart at every point, as the spectre of oncoming disaster looms ever larger and gloomier through the whirling snows. The drop of 10,000 feet from the plateau to the Ross Barrier, which was expected to bring some relief from the severe temperature, is followed only by a marked change in the opposite direction. Edgar Evans, his strength all run down, his extremities frozen, his mental faculties giving way, dies at the foot of the Beardmore Glacier from concussion of the brain, through a fall. Oates struggles on for four weeks, and then, seeing that the end is near in any event and that his weakness is lessening any slight chance that the others may have, deliberately walks out of the tent into a whirling blizzard and disappears, some twenty miles south of the point where their fate overtook the remaining three. One searches the journal in vain for any word of Scott indicating a suspicion that the disaster came through censurable action or inaction on the part of any one concerned. The oil that he found in the Barrier depots was less than he had expected. He did not know why, but it did not occur to him to blame any one. The explanation now given for this fatal shortage is this: The tins of oil left for the return journey had been exposed to extreme changes of temperature. The oil was especially volatile and the occasional outbursts of bright sunlight tended to vaporize it and thus allow its escape through the corks. This process was facilitated, we are told, by injury to the leather washers about the stoppers, due to the extremes of cold. One can hardly avoid the thought that more careful consideration in advance would have suggested the possibility of just such losses and provided against them by better protection of the tins, but it is a satisfaction to know that there is no warrant whatever for any suspicion that the tins were depleted by members of the supporting parties who returned before the Pole was reached.

In all this tale of tragedy the one thing that grips the mind most powerfully is the strong manhood and lovable personality of Capt. Scott. When the proper time comes, and that ought not to be long, the first volume of this work, his own journals and last letters, should be presented in an edition cheap enough to be within the reach of all. We do not mean by this to depreciate the importance of the second volume, telling of the various lines of exploration and research undertaken apart from the Polar journey; but in these busy times of many books, the strong moral tonic of the first volume, with its essential unity and comparative brevity, should have its broader chance at the public attention by itself.

CURRENT FICTION.

Fascination. By C. C. Lowis. New York: John Lane Co.

The title is due to a minor part played by an East Indian snake charmer, the story being of Burmese life. The general theme is one Kipling has often put into far less verbose form: the marital entanglements brought about by the narrow scope of white society in the over-sea empire. Mr. Cavisham, wife, and daughter no sooner arrive at Mindaung, where the tottering old man is to engage upon some ethnological work, than the young wife and the resident Governor, Chepstowe, who tells the story, feel an irresistible attraction towards each other. The remainder of the book, excluding small parts dealing with the love affair of the daughter and the Vice-Governor, is concerned with this fatal triangle. The wife is quite willing to accept the situation, to the point of encouraging Chepstowe to wait for the death of the failing old man. But the sturdier fibre of the Governor finally asserts itself. "I looked into the future. I saw old Cavisham a confirmed invalid, failing slowly, fading away, bed-ridden; and his wife, sprightly and unconcerned—forever, as I had uncouthly phrased it, 'out in the veranda with the other beggar.' And that philandering other beggar, who waited, smirking there with his indecent cold-bloodedness, to step into a dead man's shoes, was always—myself." And he cuts the knot by marrying a young woman who comes out from home. A sense of humor atones for lack of varied incident.

The Lure of the Little Drum. By Margaret Peterson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The insidious appeal of Eastern sensuality to what is vicious in the Occidental nature, is personified in Ishat Khan, a young Indian prince, who has acquired at Oxford the manners of a gentleman and the mental processes of a Mephistopheles. The victim of his wiles is an Englishwoman who has inherited a streak of bad blood from a disreputable mother. Upon her introduction into Anglo-Indian society, Esther immediately becomes acutely conscious of two natures struggling within her, one responding to the seductions of the subtle Ishat Khan, the other crying for protection to a certain nice, thick-headed, kind-hearted English boy. She marries the latter. Ishat Khan bides his time. The little drum of the title is his wedding gift to her, a toy which symbolizes the fascination upon which he relies. The husband proving more chivalrous than helpful, Esther at length succumbs to temptation and consents to be carried off to Ishat Khan's harem. Redemption obviously can only come through death.

The author is surprisingly free from any tendency towards the Kiplingesque; she makes no pretence of penetrating very deeply into the mysteries of the Asiatic mind. Her theme is developed in a competent and, we might say, business-like fashion. It would need more profound insight into character, or a more potent suggestion of exoticism, to make the story memorable.

The Egotistical I. By Ellen Wilkins Tompkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This book in no wise falls into the

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class which its name suggests. It is rather an uncommonly refreshing compound of personal memoirs, little nature-talks, and philosophic revery brought down to a very practical, homely level. The hero or narrator is a simple gentleman arrived at the youthful age of sixty years. He is not even redeemed from positive ugliness "by a pair of keen, penetrating eyes overshadowed by bushy eyebrows." As he says, "One must possess at least one such characteristic to rise above the average, and it is one of my proud boasts that I am a simple American gentleman, clean-shaven, and endowed with a generous supply of common-sense." In his quaint old-gentlemanlike way, he tells of his acquaintances, the Imaginary Listener, the Youthful Pessimist, the Chance Acquaintance, the Young Doctor. His pursuits and the incidents of his life have their share of interest —his garden and his fowls, his summer trips, and his match-making. In his moments of revery he describes the efforts of his mental or "other self" to free his physical self from the commonplace. He laments over the dying art of conversation, and defends the rôle of fibbing in society. In short, the book contains many pleasing ideas expressed in clear terms of everyday life. Its charm lies in a simple flowing style and in the very ordinary nature of the incidents and reflections. The love-story of the Young Doctor and the Youthful Pessimist is a recurring theme.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The Life of Florence Nightingale. By Sir Edward Cook. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

The author of "The Life of Octavia Hill," which was recently reviewed in these columns, has had here a kindred task, and has discharged it with equal zeal and discretion. Miss Nightingale's fame has rested upon a wrong, or at least an insufficient, conception of her character and achievement. Nothing is more difficult than to persuade the world of its error in such a case. The truth is, it does not care to be bothered with a re-judgment of its idols. The legend of Florence Nightingale is a very pretty legend as it stands; but it is a pity that a great figure should be remembered as merely romantic or picturesque, and the present biographer has at least made it unnecessary that Miss Nightingale should be so remembered.

"The popular imagination of Miss Nightingale," he says, "is of a girl of high degree who, moved by a wave of pity, forsook the pleasures of fashionable life for the horrors of the Crimean War; who went about the hospitals of Scutari with a lamp, scattering flowers of comfort and ministration; who retired at the close of the war into private life, and lived thenceforth in the seclusion of an invalid's room—a seclusion varied only by good deeds to hospitals and nurses and by gracious and sentimental pieties." Such, when she went to the front, was the impression seized upon by England, which had been horrified by reports of the neglect of her soldiers in the field; and the impression has never been outlived. It was fixed by the romantic tributes of Longfellow and Miss Yonge, as well as "by the fact of Miss Nightingale's seclusion, by the hidden, almost the secretive, manner in which she worked, by her shrinking from publicity, by her extreme reticence about herself. It is only now, when her papers are accessible, that her real life can be known."

Even Miss Nightingale's service in the Crimean War was far from being, what fancy made it—a sort of glorified "fluke." The frontispiece to the first volume of this work seems, in the light of the past, to have a prophetic value. It is taken from a water-color sketch of Mrs. Nightingale and her two daughters. The mother and her elder daughter (elder by a year) have the furbished and sidelong prettiness of born members of the fine world. The younger child, at eight, though she wears, by fate, the family smile, looks straight forward, with serious brooding eyes: even her dress is plain. Her father was a man of wealth, who loved and succeeded in the rôle of country squire on the grand scale. Her mother and her elder sister were all that the wife and daughter of such a man should be. They asked for nothing better than the life of luxury and social diversion which had been allotted to them. The child Florence, on the other hand, seems to have been early aware of a "call." She exhibited the strange spectacle of a pretty girl with nothing to worry about refusing to be contented with that nothing. She was not an ascetic or humorless person, and enjoyed dancing, and dining, and visiting, as far as they went. But they did not go all the way with her; she was still only a child when she began to astonish and distress her family with aspirations for some career of usefulness. She was frowned upon; and her loyal affection for her people, her whimsical appreciation of their total inability to understand her, long prevented anything like an effectual escape into her own world. The problems of nursing and sanitation had fascinated her even in girlhood, but she was a woman of thirty-four when the need in Turkey freed her to the full exercise of powers carefully trained and developed against all sorts of obstacles to meet precisely the necessity of that hour. She was still beautiful, graceful, an aristocrat in appearance and in manner. No doubt these qualities, with her gentleness and self-sacrifice, acted beneficently upon the poor fellows who lay wounded and helpless in far Turkey. But her more important service was a service of wise administration, of unfailing attention to detail. She came back to England after the campaign a physical wreck, not as a result of the more obvious hardships of camp life, but because she had denied herself all rest of mind and body while the task was in hand.

Her subsequent career, through years of semi-invalidism to extreme old age, was distinguished for its exercise of the same unusual powers. The present record shows that her Crimean experience was in a sense the beginning of her active life—a spectacular episode which served as a starting-point for more valuable achievement. The whole problem of the health of the British soldier had been opened up to her; the foundation of her later work as hospital reformer and pioneer in modern nursing methods had been laid. Later, her interest in the health of British troops in India led to absorption in the wider questions of sanitation in the East—questions which for forty years occupied much of her time, and to which she gave all the vigor of her mind and will. The record of these activities is an essentially sober one; but derives charm from the keen and flexible humor which shines from the correspondence of this remarkable woman, and which always safeguarded her from the extravagances of the mere theorist and reformer.

Monarchical Socialism in Germany. By Elmer Roberts. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Mr. Roberts is a master of the art of condensation. He compresses twelve chapters within the limits of 176 pages, and he accomplishes this without being baldly terse. He etches rather than photographs, and we read him almost as much for himself as for his subject. He begins with a distinction between "paper Socialism," which represents the aims of the Social-Democratic party, and "monarchical Socialism," the Socialism in being, the only collective ownership of mines, railways, lands, forests, and other means of production existent by acts of the Crown in coöperation with Conservative Parliamentary majorities. This distinction between theory and fact immediately arouses expectation, which is no sooner aroused than satisfied.

In 1911 the Imperial Government and various German state governments took profits of $282,749,224 from the industries which they conducted. Estimating the capital value at a 4 per cent. ratio, we find the value of the productive state-owned properties to be $7,068,729,600. The federated states being taken together, 38 per cent. of all the financial requirements for governmental purposes were met out of profits on Government-owned enterprises. Including the

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Imperial Government, a newcomer with relatively few possessions, about one-quarter of all the expenses of the state and the Imperial Governments for the army, the navy, and for all other purposes, were paid out of the net profits on Government businesses, not including the tobacco, spirit, or match monopolies.

Such astonishing facts would seem to imply a profounder distinction between the economic and social conceptions of the Germans and those of other nations than most persons have supposed. Nowhere else do we find collective ownership an actual working force to the extent that we do here. The representatives of the monarchical principle in association with the conservative classes have accepted this way of thinking, and it has entered into the very texture of their ideas of government, and is supported by the great orthodox economists, such as Schmoller and Wagner. Indeed, the author of the present work is convinced that it is slowly making Germany fundamentally different, industrially and politically, from the United States, Great Britain, France, or any country that comes into comparison with the Fatherland.

Mr. Roberts's brief but graphic chapter on the German railway policy concludes with some expressions singularly timely, in view of recent utterances in the United States. Notwithstanding the immense differences between American and German railways in ownership and in variety of conditions, it may be, he thinks, that partly by legislation and partly by the coöperation of some of the powerful railway managers in the United States, a close national control might be developed from the foundations already laid. Political considerations and the permanent well-being of the wealth massed in railways might cooperate in building a system of control, subordinating railways, to their ultimate advantage as dividend-payers, to industrial, commercial, and farming interests as an entirety. The railway captains, declares our author, would lose something of the joyousness of free-lance independence (as a matter of fact, it would be hard at the moment to find a railway captain with any signs of joyousness about him), but they would be more solidly effective as corps commanders in a coördinated army. They might also draw larger allotments of revenue for their shareholders as a result of saving the waste of working alone and by "concentrating attention upon service to economic unity rather than to economic war."

The industrial spirit of the German people seeks, we are told, to prepare the growing generation for achievements in production as imposing in contrast with the present as the work of to-day is compared with that of the eighties. Compulsory sanitary living and other legislation requiring a minimum of social well-being have lengthened the average life and increased the height and bodily frame of both sexes. The German mind has now a stronger physical instrument with which to work than the generation that fought with France. The training of that instrument is expressed intensely in relation to skilled production by the work of the continuation and trade schools. Mr. Roberts's description of this aspect of German state Socialism, in the chapter entitled The Passing of the Unskilled, is more than interesting—it is inspiring. He touches upon the labor exchanges and unemployment insurance with vitalizing effect. The friendly spirit towards the Trusts and the taxing of the increase in land values are among Mr. Roberts's subjects in which Americans can at this time find much to interest them. There are also some entertaining remarks about the growth of the German navy and about the play instinct in Germany.

Mr. Roberts has done his work so well that it is easy to forget the heavy burden of taxation that rests upon the German people, and the complaints, deep if not loud, which one hears from time to time regarding the effects of certain features of this programme—State insurance, for example—on the economic welfare of the Fatherland.

Railway Problems. Edited by William Z. Ripley, Ph.D. Revised Edition. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.

This second edition—the first appeared in 1907—contains much new matter. In the introduction Professor Ripley points out that a good deal of railway history has been made in the last few years, and he has now recast the 1907 collection of cases and documents so as to allow room for some of the principal new developments; such, for example, as the dissolution of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, the Minnesota rate case, and a number of important decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He has also included some interesting descriptions of early railway building taken from Mr. H. G. Pearson's life of John M. Forbes and a paper on the complexities of interstate rate-making by Mr. Theodore Brent. The aim of the book has been to enable advanced students of transportation to work by the "case system," so generally used in law schools, and those who wish to penetrate below the surface of the question will find Professor Ripley's collection of large and timely interest.

In the case of such a book as this the reviewer's chief concern is necessarily with the scope and character of the matter brought together, consisting, as it does, so largely of judicial decisions and commission rulings. It is not easy to suggest any very important improvement upon Professor Ripley's selection, having in mind his purpose in making it. So far as the question of court decisions and the like are concerned, the cases chosen seem to be the leading cases. It may be suggested, however, that in the next edition the decisions in the "advanced rate" cases in 1910 and in the case now pending should be given, for the reason that they will undoubtedly prove to be a landmark in the history of transportation in the United States. The present case (that of the railways in classification territory) is of enormous importance, by reason of the principles involved and the precedents that may be established, and as it is an outgrowth of the 1910 case, both should be included. Doubtless, the fact that the 1910 decision left the main points unsettled governed Professor Ripley in omitting it, but when the present case is decided, that will no longer be the case. It may also be suggested that among the documents of historic interest which are well worth attention of transportation students are the discussions of Prof. Dionysius Lardner, in the very early days, of the principles governing the industry, and also the famous Louisville & Nashville annual report of 1873-4, written by the late Albert Fink, in which the question of the "operating ratio" was thoroughly explained, once and for all.

Notes

Mr. Harry W. Laidler is bringing out this week, through Lane, "Boycotts and the Labor Struggle," with an introduction by Prof. Henry R. Seager.

"Bransford in Arcadia" is the title chosen by Eugene Manlove Rhodes for the appearance in book form (Holt) of his "Little Eohippus," which ran as a serial.

Dr. Neville Figgis's book on "The Divine Right of Kings," which has for some years been out of print, will shortly appear in a new edition containing three further essays—Jus Divinum in 1646; Bartolus, and the Development of European Politics; and Erastus and Erastianism. It will be publishel by the Cambridge University Press (Putnam).

Early in February McBride, Nast & Co. will publish the following books: "Panama, Its Creation, Destruction and Resurrection," by Philippe Bunau-Varilla; "How France is Governed," by Raymond Poincaré; "Lord London," by Keble Howard, a tale of achievement which closely follows the career of Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe; "The White Gate," by Warwick Deeping; "The Autobiography of a Princess," by Charlotte Amelie, and "Cecil Rhodes, the Man and His Work," by Gordon Le Sueur, one of his confidential secretaries.

A limited edition of the Keats relics bequeathed by the late Sir Charles Dilke to Hampstead is in preparation by Dr. Wil-

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liamson, who will be responsible for the editing and facsimiles. Mr. Buxton Forman will contribute an introduction; the publisher is John Lane.

Prof. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, makes an appeal in a pamphlet issued by the Bureau of Education at Washington for the coöperation of all who desire to see the old European folk ballads, still surviving in this country, collected and classified. In his great work on "English and Scottish Ballads" Professor Child noted incidentally that versions of seventeen ballads in his list were to be found in the oral tradition of Eastern States, ranging from Maine to South Carolina. Through concerted effort, thirty-nine others have now been discovered, and it is requested that the search be continued while there is yet time and that the results be sent to Mr. P. P. Claxton, Commissioner, Washington, D. C.

Specialists in Elizabethan literature will be grateful to Charles Crawford for his scholarly reprint and editing of "England's Parnassus" (Oxford University Press). The text of this reissue has been made from a copy in the Bodleian Library, and from two copies in the British Museum one of which was possessed by Dr. Richard Farmer. One of Dr. Farmer's marginal annotations confirms, in Mr. Crawford's judgment, an old rumor that the initials of the compiler of this anthology found on the title-page stood for Robert Allot; for we read in Dr. Farmer's hand, "I have since seen a copy with Robert Allot's Name printed at length." Allot, it appears, was an honest but careless workman and was hampered by a slovenly printer. "Out of thirty-one cases in which the same passages are used twice, Allot makes no less than twenty-two differ each time that he writes them down." He also seems to have got his manuscript copy badly confused. Mr. Crawford argues plausibly that Allot, in writing down the selections, used large sheets of paper, and then for the sake of convenience cut them into pieces. This would have been proper if he had not employed so many "idems"; naturally when the passages were shifted about an "idem" often became misleading. But by consulting so far as possible the editions which the compiler used, Mr. Crawford has succeeded in bringing some sort of order out of Allot's confusion. His corrections are put in the notes, which also contain much interesting speculation. A single instance of Allot's or his printer's carelessness in handling text speaks volumes. Markham in one of his poems had written,

> Although they crown'd his valure by accord.

This is printed,

> Although they chain'd his valour by a cord.

Yet "England's Parnassus," with all its sins, furnishes numerous interesting problems of bibliography and literary history, and Mr. Crawford, both by this convenient reprint and by his copious notes, has appreciably lessened the difficulty of solving them.

If "studies" is a rather large word for the articles and addresses making up the two volumes of the late Whitelaw Reid's "American and English Studies" (Scribner), they show, on the other hand, a thoughtfulness and insight that one is not accustomed to find in such collections. One turns to the opening address, for instance, with some apprehension for the outcome of an attempt to deal with The Rise of the United States in an hour. But Mr. Reid could be concise without heaviness; he could handle familiar material without making it dull, and he manages to paint a real picture of a vast scene on a small canvas. These qualities are more strikingly displayed in the address on Lincoln. By skilful selection of such comparatively neglected points as Lincoln's ambition, his low ideals of civil service, and his life in Illinois previous to the debates with Douglas, the American Ambassador contrived to give his Birmingham hearers a fresh and yet undistorted view of a hackneyed theme. This address opens the second volume, which, for most readers, with its estimates of Jefferson, Burke, Byron, and the virtues and vices of journalism, will be more interesting than its companion, which in the main expounds its author's ideas of the Monroe Doctrine and the problems arising from the war with Spain.

Upon Jefferson's inconsistencies, Mr. Reid was hard, while not forgetting his unique position in history. There was nothing of the mere diplomat in what he had to say of the author of the Declaration of Independence. Indeed, one very seldom has occasion to remember that a diplomat is speaking. This consciousness obtrudes itself, however, in the address on The Scot in America and the Ulster Scot [*i. e.*, Scotch-Irish]. For, while the Ambassador did not fail to remind his Edinburgh auditors of the existence of unworthy emigrants from their shores to America, he employed most of his time in reciting a list of notables that leaves one wondering whether we have ever had a public man who, if his ancestry were investigated minutely, would not be discovered to have Scotch blood in his veins. Mr. Reid avoided any difficulties in the subject of the Revolution by taking the now-familiar position that the war was for the rights of all Englishmen. Of Talleyrand, for whose memoirs he wrote an introduction, and of Byron, he uttered commonplaces. The concluding portion of the second volume is headed "An Editor's Reflections," and contains two addresses delivered in the seventies, and the first Bromley lectures, given at Yale on two days in February, 1901. It is interesting to observe how his prophecies in the earlier lectures as to newspaper tendencies were unfulfilled, although in the later ones he stuck to his doctrine of less quantity and better quality of news than are now provided. His notion of editorial independence was qualified to mean party loyalty without subserviency, but in general he upheld higher ideals in both preaching and, one is glad to say, in practice than most newspapers even yet have seen fit to follow.

John Kenlon has written a readable book about an interesting subject in the volume "Fires and Fire-Fighters" (Doran). The sub-title, "A History of Modern Fire-Fighting, with a Review of Its Development from Earliest Times," explains its scope. The book would have benefited, we think, by the elimination of much of the earlier historical part, for which space allowed only the most abbreviated review at best. In his presentation of modern methods and conditions, which he might be expected to know most thoroughly in his office of chief of the New York Fire Department, Mr. Kenlon is clear and convincing. He deals with the fire perils and problems in garages, in hotels and schools, and takes up the special conditions of seaport cities. The appalling disasters which have taken place in factories and theatres in recent years, with terrible loss of life, lead him to urge the need of better fire protection, chiefly by use of automatic sprinklers and improved exits. Public opinion in many States has forced the adoption of more stringent laws for protection of human life from fire, but there remains much to be done in this respect, and the enforcement of fire laws is lamentably lax. Perhaps the ordinary reader will find his greatest interest in the narrative part of the book, in which Chief Kenlon graphically describes some of the great fires of modern times. The San Francisco, the Baltimore, and the Equitable building conflagrations have their lessons, either in the field of fire prevention, by improved building construction and equipment with extinguishing apparatus, or in methods of fire fighting. The last chapters in the work are devoted to a description of apparatus and the organization of a modern fire department. He makes a strong argument against the proposed two-platoon system.

Patience Pennington's "A Woman Rice-Planter" (Macmillan) is a book that gets close to the ground and to the negro, and mingles unusual agricultural and sociological interest. Its literary value is in its picture of what Owen Wister, who writes the introduction, calls "the highly accentuated characteristics" of the rice-plantation coast of South Carolina, and in a story of really heroic effort. The writer, daughter of an ex-Governor of South Carolina, invests all her slender funds in the family plantation of Cherokee, and with the uncertain aid of hands and renters, and in the face of many natural obstacles, successfully manages the huge enterprise. Her dangers, her ventures, the patience-exhausting performances of the colored folk, her interest in the growth of the crops and in the animals which are her only real companions, are related in simple and vivid diary form. Not heavy tomes of sociological exposition could give so vital a picture of Southern life and problems. The courage of the book is notable. Her hands would get into debt, and neither cajolery nor threats could move them to payment; hired to plough by the acre, they would turn up just a sufficient number of furrows to cover the ground with an appearance of fresh earth; they would row for miles to steal her harvested rice by night; they would do nothing by directions, and nothing right; their communal morality was of the most primitive, distorted kind; and yet she always feels hopefully that in keeping their cabins erect, their burying grounds clean, their rice-fields green, their sons out of the urban gulf, her indomitable efforts are their own reward. Under her hand some of the unsophisticated negroes become friends well worth her and the reader's attention. Without deep resources of description or narrative talent, her faithfulness to detail and her enthusiasm in her work have made a book of genuine historical value to the South.

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"History of Ohio, the Rise and Progress of an American State" (Century History Co.), by Emilius O. Randall and Daniel J. Ryan, in five volumes, is a "popular" work written to glorify Ohio and Ohioans. Accuracy is sacrificed to pride of State. Yet there are some good portions in this book, particularly the first two volumes, which treat the history of Ohio before the State was founded; although such a disproportionate amount of space devoted to the territorial period gives the work a curious perspective. Mr. Randall, author of this part, has long studied the period and has produced a readable narrative. At times, however, he shows a surprising ignorance of general American history, as when on several occasions he hopelessly mixes the Quebec act of 1774 with the Proclamation of 1763. The last three volumes are not so well organized and show a very conscious effort to attract subscribers by the exploitation of the lives of individual citizens at the expense of the general narrative, and many subjects which should have found a place have been inadequately treated or crowded out. The excellent school system of Ohio, for instance, is neglected, as is the even more important mingling of the Southern and Northern elements in the population.

It is highly improbable that any one will read through "The Lawyer, Our Old-Man-of-the-Sea" (Dutton), by William Durran, with a "foreword" by Sir Robert F. Fulton, unless he is impelled by the strong sense of duty of a reviewer. Nearly one-half of its contents is found in the twenty-six appendices which follow the text, and which consist largely of newspaper clippings of a miscellaneous and sensational character. Not infrequently, foot-notes to the text are again printed in the appendices. Why they are repeated is not explained. Certainly this repetition is not to be justified on the score of their worth. The professed purpose of the author is to aid in the reform of the English legal system. He assumes that "the common law" is the equivalent of "legal chaos"; that "law and justice were living in unity" until the Norman Conquest, when a foreign judiciary was imposed upon the English people, and the lawyer began his career of domination. Now, with a barrister as Prime Minister of Britain and another as President of the United States, the lawyer "bestrides Empire and Republic, one foot in either hemisphere, a bewigged, begowned, bespectacled Colossus."

Every chapter in this volume is pitched to the same note—the utter balefulness of the lawyer and all his works. "Our Old-Man-of-the-Sea" must be cast off. We must stop recruiting our bench from the bar. We must exchange our common-law principles for the continental code, that we may have less need of consulting lawyers. We must abolish jury trials, because "success with juries is the passport for the lawyer's promotion to the bench or to high office in the legal hierarchy." We are assured that—

> Advocates are the spoilt children of the State. Juries are the special pets of advocates. The jury system is the palladium of the Bar. Its vested interest, its special pleading, have contrived to cast a glamour of pseudo-sanctity around farcical verdicts. The Judge knows they will be reversed on appeal. Precisely. Appeals and fresh trials bring grist to the Bar. That is the vicious circle of Legalism. Our Continental neighbors have found and applied the remedy.

The author seems blissfully ignorant of the fact that one of the greatest historians of Continental Procedure is as devoted to the jury as the most perverse English lawyer. Professor Esmein declares that "a great civilized nation cannot renounce it, without losing its rank." Mr. Durran seems to be equally ignorant of the fact that, while he is advising his countrymen to exchange their legal institutions for those of the Continent, a body of German reformers is anxious to substitute the English legal system for their own. The attitude of these reformers, we are told, is "one of extreme pessimism, not only in respect of the quality of the work done by the courts, but also of the merits of the Civil Code." It is safe to wager that if Mr. Durran will read German and French periodicals with as sharp an eye to legal scandal-mongering as he has kept on English publications, he can gather quite as many clippings as he has reprinted in this book; clippings which will show that what he calls "the craziness of our outfit of private law" is equalled if not excelled upon the Continent.

The second volume of Worthington C. Ford's "Writings of John Quincy Adams" (Macmillan) covers the five years from 1796 to 1801. At the beginning of the period Adams was still Minister at The Hague; but in June, 1797, he was transferred to Prussia, arriving at Berlin early in November. It was France, however, and not Prussia, that held the centre of the stage; and the correspondence, both before and after the transfer, is mainly occupied with the aggressions of France on American commerce, the shifty course of the Directory, the X. Y. Z. affair, and the vexatious question of claims. Adams early noted the suggestion that France might attempt the conquest of Louisiana, but rightly concluded that the project would give way to more pressing concerns at home. His intense patriotism, growing visibly in fervor as the devious course of European politics unfolded before him, did not prevent him from perceiving and weighing the hostile opinion about him; as when, for example, he notes a widespread impression, "propagated with great zeal and industry in every part of Europe," that the union and prosperity of the United States depended upon the personal influence and popularity of Washington. For Monroe's diplomatic performance he expresses only contempt, and condemns unsparingly his relations with Thomas Paine. Adams was convinced that the Directory intended to force a war between the United States and Great Britain, and that it was willing to dismember the Union in the hope of procuring an alliance with a new confederacy of the Southern States. Aside, however, from their well-informed comments on the newspaper and official opinion of the day, the letters do not shed a great deal of new light on the diplomatic history of the period. The forty-two Silesian letters, written during a three months' journey in 1800, and published in the Philadelphia *Portfolio* the following year, are not reprinted by Mr. Ford; and numerous other letters are, as in the first volume, given only in part or relegated to foot-notes. In February, 1801, Adams was recalled, but the letter of recall did not reach him until April 26, the day after the last entry in this volume.

"Word-Formation in Provençal," by Edward L. Adams (University of Michigan Studies, Humanistic Series, Macmillan), is an expansion of a doctoral thesis presented in the department of French and other Romance languages at Harvard University. Its purpose is to study the various processes by which new word-formations occurred in Provençal, an offshoot of Latin, and to give a good tabulation of all such formations. The details of the subject are considered and set forth clearly. Especial emphasis is laid upon word-formation by means of suffixes and prefixes, the most common of all processes in the development of the Neo-Latin vocabulary. To cases of parasyentheta, of post-verbals, of compounds, and of hybrids, the requisite space is given. The book is a model of pains-taking investigation and lucid exposition. The task involved was not one likely to tax the fancy, but it called for long and patient endeavor in the collecting and sifting of scattered facts, and this the author has bestowed upon it with praiseworthy result. We have here a valuable addition to our manuals for the study of specific problems within the domain of Romance philology.

Apparently the demand for books on South America has become so great as to make it worth while to publish even the most superficial travel sketches. Every publisher must have a "South America" on his list. If the exterior of the book is sufficiently attractive, it seems to have all that is necessary from the bookseller's point of view. Alas for the unwary purchaser of "Two on a Tour in South America" (Appletons), who, caught by the lure of the pretty colored map on the front cover, expects to learn something about South America from the contents! Mrs. Anna Wentworth Sears and her husband took a flying trip a couple of years ago and touched at the principal ports. Most of the time was spent on board ship, and naturally a large part of the volume deals with shipboard gossip. In places this is lively and entertaining, but when a woman can write a whole volume about a voyage taken with her husband and refer to him on every page as "Orange-Blossom," the day of marvels is not over.

"Crime and Its Repression," by Gustav Aschaffenberg, translated by Adalbert Albrecht (Little, Brown), is the sixth number of the Modern Criminal Science series of translations, and is perhaps the number first to be recommended to one seeking a general acquaintance with the field of criminology. The treatment of the subject is comprehensive, and statistical rather than philosophical, and the book is marked on the whole by sober judgment and an avoidance of extreme views. Naturally, the writer rejects Lombroso's theory of the born criminal, although he admits that a large number are mentally defective. In his view the chief cause of crime is alcohol—here he is doubtless extreme, and the book is a rather sweeping condemnation of the drinking-habits of his German race; and the next cause is poverty, mainly, however, as the cause of overcrowding in tenements. As for remedies, the only permanently hopeful remedy will be an improvement in economic conditions. As an actual deterrent, punishment has accomplished little, yet the idea of deterrence should be

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retained because of its educational value. More hopeful is the possibility of reform through the inducements offered by indeterminate or suspended sentences. In any case, the immediate centre of gravity is not the law, but the execution of punishment. And here he quotes from Krohne: "Even if you have the best law, the best judge, the best sentence, and the prison official is not efficient, you might as well throw the statute into the waste basket and burn the sentence."

Superstitions of the ages regarding gems and jewels have been assembled in an astonishing compilation in "The Curious Lore of Precious Stones" (*Lippincott*), by George Frederick Kunz. While the book is devoted primarily to the lore of precious stones the text and illustrations give the author a legitimate chance to display his knowledge and appreciation of the artistic and technical qualities of the stones themselves. Æsthetic considerations, nevertheless, are quite properly subordinated to details of the fabled properties of amulets, luminous stones, crystal balls, religious gems, and stones believed to possess planetary and astral or therapeutic influence. The quest goes back to the early Stone Age where "there is no trace of either idols or images." It emphasizes the virtues attributed to stones in classical antiquity and the Middle Ages, and it includes lore of the present age which, Mr. Kunz urges, "could afford us nearly as many examples of faith in talismans and amulets as any epoch in the past, if people were willing to confess their real beliefs." The descriptions of these superstitions reveal prodigious erudition, involving citations from many literatures, sacred and profane, ancient and modern. They constitute a work that is not less extraordinary in its way than Mr. Kunz's sumptuous "Book of the Pearl."

The practical spirit of the University of Wisconsin upon which Prof. John R. Commons touches in the opening chapter of his essays, "Labor and Administration" (Macmillan), is well exemplified in his own work. It is in his dealings with the concrete facts concerning labor matters that he is at his best; his philosophic and more abstract disquisitions are the least satisfactory portions of his book. He is, in fact, more what he himself calls a "social engineer" than he is a "college professor," as most people understand the term; and the reviewer is confident that he will not resent this characterization. Chapters vi to x, inclusive, bearing upon labor unions and their characteristics; chapters xii and xiii, dealing with municipal affairs, and chapters xx to xxii, inclusive, describing Wisconsin's methods of dealing with industrial education and industrial conditions within the State, are well worth study, for they convey to the reader the results of first-hand knowledge and personal experience. Especially is this true of the Wisconsin experiments in which Professor Commons has himself borne large part. It is perhaps in the chapters on organized labor that the reader will find most food for thought, especially in the chapter on the Union Shop (vii), that on Unions of Public Employees (viii), and that on Unions and Efficiency. Professor Commons leans with some partiality to the side of "labor," but notwithstanding this, what he has to say is worthy of attention. The general impression left on the reader's mind is that coöperation by means of organization on both sides offers the best solution of the problems arising in the relations of capital and labor. Education —on both sides—is an indispensable preliminary to this coöperation.

Students will be glad to learn of the appearance of a new French edition of Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "History of Spanish Literature" (Colin). The original English edition (1898) has never been revised; the same is true of the Spanish translation; and the original French translation is now nine years old. The present book, however, is far from being a reissue of the other editions. It is an entirely new work, recast and rewritten from beginning to end. The author has brought his subject abreast with the times, having utilized all the important monographs which have appeared in the years since the last issue. During that interval also a whole new school of poetry and fiction has sprung up in Spain. These authors are thoroughly treated in the final chapter. The serviceable bibliography of Spanish literature which has accompanied the previous editions has now grown to such proportions as to demand a supplemental volume. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has given an unusual proof of virtuosity by acting as his own translator, a *tour de force* in which he seems to have been very successful. His book in its newest form will continue to appeal equally to the literary specialist and the general reader.

During the Middle Ages and period of the Renaissance no Latin author, save Virgil alone, enjoyed a greater vogue than Ovid. In his "Ovid and the Renascence in Spain" (*University of California Press*), Prof. Rudolph Schevill tests that author's influence upon Spanish literature. During the Dark Ages Ovid was banned by the austere, but the "Ars Amatoria" offered the charm of forbidden fruit to many a choice spirit. Soon the discovery was made that Naso's licentiousness was not what it seemed, but was, instead, a profound reservoir of moral truth. Specious allegorical elucidations of the text made the pagan poet respectable, and even Christian. In the twelfth century his works held a prominent place in the school curricula. Troubadours and Minnesänger drew from them much of their conception of love-making as a fine art. In Spain, Juan Ruiz, Archpriest of Hita, is the supreme exponent of the Ovidian influence during the Middle Ages. Mr. Schevill proves that he not only knew Ovid at second hand through the "Pamphilus de Amore," but also enjoyed a direct acquaintance with the source. In an "Ovidian tale" the interest centres on an attempted seduction of the heroine. This seduction is always carried on according to fixed precepts. The characters generally belong to the lower or bourgeois classes. The tone is realistic. Fiction of this sort found a wide vogue in Italy earlier than in Spain. Mr. Schevill regards it as "a logical outgrowth of the peculiar social life of the Italian cities in which highly centralized activities were dominated by the prose of mercantile interests, and yet colored by an artistic and passionate interpretation of every-day life." The *genre* is as easy to isolate as the romance of chivalry, the pastoral, or the picaresque novel; though, of course, the Ovidian influence may appear sporadically in these other *genres*. The author gives a careful analysis of the works of Boccaccio and Æneas Silvius Piccolomini and their influence. In Spain the most celebrated and characteristic "Ovidian tale" is the dramatic novel usually called the "Celestina." The *genre* finds its most artistic expression in the "Celoso Estremeño" of Cervantes. In these and later works it is not always easy to determine whether the Ovidian influence is due to direct acquaintance with the author, whether it represents a continuance of the mediæval tradition, or whether the impulse came from Italy. Mr. Schevill also enumerates the various translations made of the "Metamorphoses" into the Spanish and the influence of this poem upon Spanish writers, notably Cervantes and Lope de Vega. He has given us a thorough and stimulating study in comparative literature. Important generalizations are reached. Monographs like this, coördinating ancient and modern culture, are all too few in America.

Wallace Bruce, author, and former United States Consul to Edinburgh, died Friday at his winter home in Florida. He was a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., and was sixty-nine years of age. Among his published works are the following: "The Land of Burns," "The Yosemite," "The Hudson," "Old Homestead Poems," "In Clover and Heather," "Scottish Poems," and "Leaves of Gold."

Science

"The Efficient Kitchen," by Georgie B. Child, is announced for publication next month by McBride, Nast & Co.

Another State list of birds is always welcome, especially when available at cost, as is the concise, paper-bound volume, "The Birds of Connecticut," by John H. Sage, Louis P. Bishop, M.D., and W. P. Bliss (Bulletin No. 20 State Geological and Natural History Survey). The authors have brought within the limits of 350 pages a summary of the State's knowledge of the birds, leaving identification keys to more general bird books. After a brief account of the topography, and of the history of Connecticut ornithology, Part I gives a list of the three hundred and thirty-four recorded species. Under each we find its status, the earliest and latest records, the breeding dates, and a few lines describing the nest, eggs, and any important or unusual observations. The most noteworthy of the appendices is an elaborate bibliography of the State ornithological literature. Part II is by Dr. Bishop, and deals with the economic side, treating of each group in turn. Very careful consideration is given to the game birds, hawks, crows, blackbirds, and English sparrow. "Regarding the Crow," Dr. Bishop writes, "the evidence is about the same as with the Blue Jay; and it is probable that the good this bird does in destroying grasshoppers, cutworms, etc., is far outweighed by the evil in killing the young of insectivorous birds." The starling and English sparrow are unqualifiedly condemned, and elaborate directions for trapping and poisoning are given. The farmers and lovers of birds of Connecticut will

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find much of value and interest in this excellent State publication.

At the second international conference on the world map held in Paris in December, thirty-three Governments, including China, Guatemala, and Siam, were represented. Noteworthy features were the considerable part taken in the proceedings by the delegates of the Latin-American states, and the announcement that the Chinese Government intended to make topographical surveys.

Dr. Charles Phelps, who for many years had been surgeon to Bellevue and St. Vincent's Hospitals, died in New York last week, aged seventy-nine. During the Civil War he served as volunteer surgeon on the Arago, when that ship was fitted out for conflict with the Merrimac. He wrote, besides various monographs, "Traumatic Injuries of the Brain."

Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell died at his home in Philadelphia, Sunday morning, in his eighty-fifth year. His death was due to an acute attack of grip. After a public-school training in Philadelphia, where he was born February 15, 1829, he entered the University of Pennsylvania, but did not graduate, owing to illness in his senior year. He took the degree of M.D. at the Jefferson Medical College in 1850, and in later years received the following honorary degrees: M.D. from Bologna; LL.D. from Harvard, Edinburgh, Princeton, and Toronto Universities. An early incident in the life of the young medical student, who was hesitating between two professions, in both of which he was destined to become famous, has often been told. He had sent a portfolio of verse to Ticknor & Fields; the publishers referred the manuscripts to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who advised the poet of twenty-seven to make secure his position in medicine before attempting literature. Thus, in 1856, Weir Mitchell turned his undivided attention to the profession in which his father, himself a physician and professor of note as well as an author of some success, had predicted he would fail. For twenty-five years he worked and studied, practiced and wrote. Experience in the Civil War directed his attention to the care and cure of nervous diseases, and he began those especial researches which resulted in the "rest cure" and brought him world-wide fame. More than a hundred publications on physiology, toxicology, and various troubles bear his name. His published works include: "Researches upon the Venom of the Rattlesnake," 1860; "Gun-shot Wounds and Other Injuries of the Nerves," 1864; "Wear and Tear," 1873; "Rest in the Treatment of Disease," 1875; "Fat and Blood," 1877; "Researches on the Venoms of Poisonous Serpents," 1886; "Doctor and Patient," 1888; "Clinical Lessons on Nervous Disease," 1895; "Relations of Nervous Disorders in Women to Pelvic Disease," 1897; "Nurses and Their Education," 1902; "The Evolution of the Rest Treatment," 1904; "Rest Treatment and Psychic Medicine," 1908; "Hephzibah Guinness," 1880; "Thee and You," 1880; "A Draft on the Bank of Spain," 1880; "In War Time," 1882; "Hill of Stones," 1883; "Roland Blake," 1884; "The Masque," 1886; "Prince Little Boy," 1887; "Far in the Forest," 1888; "Cup of Youth," 1889; "Psalm of Death," "François Villon," 1890; "Characteristics," 1892; "Francis Drake," 1893; "The Mother," 1893; "Philip Vernon," 1895; "Mr. Kris Kringle," 1896; "Collected Poems," 1896; "Madeira Party," 1897; "Hugh Wynne," 1898; "Adventures of François," 1899; "Dr. North and His Friends," 1900; "Autobiography of a Quack," 1900; "The Wager," 1900; "Circumstance," 1901; "Pearl," 1901; "Comedy of Conscience," 1902; "Little Stories," 1903; "Youth of Washington," 1904; "Constance Trescot," 1905; "A Diplomatic Adventure," 1905; "The Mind Reader," 1907; "A Christmas Venture," 1907; "The Red City," 1907; "The Comfort of the Hills," 1909; and "John Sherwood," 1911.

Drama

The radical label on conservative goods is so attractive in certain quarters that one would feel no surprise if Mr. Henry Rose's little book, "Henrik Ibsen: Poet, Mystic and Moralist" (Dodd, Mead), which deals almost wholly with Ibsen's ideas, and treats even these in a highly selective and idiosyncratic fashion, should attain a considerable popularity. The first trait of this expurgated Ibsen is respectability; he is insistent on contracts, especially marriage contracts, and he disapproves of Nora's departure from home; he wishes people to be *innocent* and *useful* (the italics are ours); he favors truth and freedom, but only under the supervision and chaperonage of the still higher ideals of love, duty, and service; he is as truly a religious mystic as any saint in the Roman hagiology; we have good hope that he believes in personal immortality, and even in redemptive and providential accident. "Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella." Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Hemans herself, would be satisfied with these impeccable credentials. The hysteria which recoiled in groundless alarm from the mild precepts of this orthodox gentleman is fittingly rebuked. The destiny of Ibsen in the next generation is to supply texts for the birthday book, the autograph album, and the worsted sampler; to be read by the Pastor Rörlunds of the coming decade (with whom one instinctively associates Mr. Rose) in the garden-room to Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Rummel at afternoon meetings of the Society for the Lapsed and Lost.

We have no wish to ridicule ideals some of which have earned the respect of mankind by undoubted contributions to its welfare, but merely to indicate the bias which has gone far to frustrate the excellent intentions of Mr. Rose in his conscientious and carefully written book. He ignores or discredits or re-interprets whatever disagrees with his personal conviction, and is aided in the task of self-beguilement by a singular courage to which a constitutional mildness serves both as mitigant and support. His literary sense is not delicate; he draws a parallel, for instance, between "The Master Builder" and "Macbeth," in which Solness's vague and indirect responsibility for the deaths of the two children is counterpoised with the murder of Duncan, and Hilda Wangel figures as the analogue of Lady Macbeth. He concedes that the correspondence in the latter case is not minute. The reasoner in Mr. Rose is much ahead of the critic; he has patience, order, and coolness, and, where the intellectual demands are not too heavy, he can reason justly, even happily. The fallacy of Dr. Stockman's "majority" argument has never been more deftly exposed than in the following sentence: "The fact that the leader is ten years ahead of the majority no more proves that the majority is wrong than it proves that the leader himself was wrong ten years ago." In point of style, Mr. Rose has made himself rare in our perverted generation by the practice of a method which ought to be normal and prevalent; he has written an English at once thoroughly careful and absolutely plain.

It is plain that "The Legend of Leonora," by J. M. Barrie, which was produced in the Empire Theatre on Monday night, must have been subjected to radical alterations since it excited the "boos" of a London audience, as it did on its first representation. As it is played here, the greater part is in a mood of burlesque, which might confuse, but would not be likely to excite serious opposition. Briefly put, the theme of it is the feminine tendency to be governed by emotion and instinct rather than by logic and moral sense, and the chivalrous disposition of man to sacrifice both conviction and interest when subject to feminine emotion and feminine appeal. Leonora, the heroine, an exquisite creature, representative of all that is best and most dangerous in her sex, has thrown a man out of a train and killed him, because he refused to shut a window when she told him that her little girl "had a cold." She is unaffected by remorse, and neither she nor her friends can discern any discrepancy between the punishment and the offence. When she is tried for murder she takes possession of the whole court, entertains her friends, directs the procedure, establishes confidential relations with the judge and jury, confounds the counsel on both sides by her explanations and admissions, and, having hopelessly ruined her own case to the consternation and despair of the judge, kindly accompanies the jury when they retire, and, of course, induces them to give a verdict of "not guilty." All this is sheer burlesque, but burlesque of a highly superior kind, extravagant in incident, but full of humorous fancy, close observation, keen analysis of motives and manners, and entertaining satire upon conventions of English court procedure. But the main theme, the quality of unexpectedness in the feminine character and the inevitable submission of chivalrous man to feminine appeal and glamour, is enforced by all sorts of ingenious device. If the piece is too light in texture to stand the test of criticism as serious drama, it constantly supplies food for reflection and is productive of admirable entertainment. It is uncommonly well played at the Empire.

H. B. Irving is busily engaged in the preparation of the new version which he and Max Pemberton have made of Sardou's "Patrie." The late Henry Labouchere had an unfortunate experience with this play when he produced it in the St. James's Theatre, of which he was then manager, forty years ago. A modified spectacular adaptation of it had a long run in this city not long afterwards under the management of Augustin Daly, at the Grand Opera House.

The Drama League Series of Plays, announced by Doubleday, Page & Co., are to

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be selected by a committee whose members are drawn from the Drama League and the publishers. The first two volumes of the series will be "Kindling," by Charles Kenyon, and "A Thousand Years Ago," by Percy MacKaye.

D'Annunzio's "Le Chèvrefeuille," which has just been produced at the Porte St. Martin in Paris, is a drama of love and intrigue which is supposed to take place in an ancient castle. One critic characterizes it as "often beautiful in detail, but in the mass vague and baffling, devoid of any real dramatic vigor."

The site in Bloomsbury, London, which now has been definitely acquired for the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre, is about 47,700 square feet in extent, and has at present only three street frontages —Gower Street, Keppel Street, and Malet Street. Another roadway, which will be made parallel to Keppel Street, will furnish a fourth frontage, and it is probable that the theatre will be surrounded by a margin of garden. The idea of an island site, to which the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre committee has remained fairly constant, will thus eventually be carried into effect. At a comparatively moderate price a site has been obtained which far exceeds the utmost requirements even of a very large building, and which will place the theatre in the centre of what may well be a handsome open space. Dignity is, of course, an important consideration in the scheme, but whether the gain in that respect is a sufficient set-off to the disadvantages that may arise from the distance of the site from the theatre zone is a point to be proved by experience.

The demand of the eminent French tragedian Mounet-Sully for the right to present himself as a candidate for election to the French Institute has created a stir in Paris. During the past thirty years the Institute has refused to admit actors, first on the ground that they "created" nothing, and, secondly, because of a law dating back to the Revolution. This point of law is explained by a French correspondent to a London journal as follows:

When the Institute was organized in 1795 by the National Convention, it was divided into three groups: the physical and mathematical sciences, the moral and political sciences, and literature and the fine arts. The third group of seats was divided into eight groups of six, the last being assigned to "music and declamation." Accordingly three actors, Molé, Préville, and Monvel, were elected to the Institute. Strangely enough they were all comedians, and Talma, the great tragic actor, was passed over in their favor. Seven years later, in 1802, an order of the Consuls completely altered the constitution of the Institute. The fine arts were separated from literature, and the three seats which had been assigned to "declamation" were given, without any compensation, to engraving; and, finally, when the Academies were restored in 1816, the actors had no longer any place at all in them. In 1910 M. Maurice Faure reopened the question in his report on the Budget des Beaux Arts, by recommending that the three seats should again be assigned according to their original constitution.

M. Mounet-Sully has announced that if he is not elected to the Institute while he is still exercising his art, he will refuse any appointment which may be made thereafter; and he demands that the ancient constitution of the Institute "by which there should always be three actor members shall be restored by the Government."

Music

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA.

Dozens of new operas are staged in Italy every year, but it is very seldom that one of them crosses the boundary of that country. In April, 1912, there was produced at a provincial theatre an opera entitled "L'Amore dei tre Re." It attracted sufficient attention to be accepted for the Scala in Milan, where it was produced last season with such favorable results that it has been kept in this winter's repertory, while fifteen other opera houses in Italy and Spain are said to have accepted it. Its first performance in America was given last Friday at the Metropolitan Opera House. The first act fell flat, but the second was applauded enthusiastically, and the third also pleased the audience, wherefore the opera may be recorded as a genuine first-night success. Nevertheless, it is not likely to remain in the repertory, for reasons to be given.

The story on which the opera is based is admirably suited for operatic treatment. The three "kings" who give the opera its title are Archibaldo, a mediæval feudal lord, head of a band of barbarian invaders who have taken possession of an imaginary part of Italy called Altura; his son, Manfredo, who has married the native Princess Fiora, who does not love him; and the man she does love, Avito, the Alturian Prince who has been bereft by the invaders of both his throne and his fiancée. In the first act Archibaldo, though blind, discovers that Avito has been making love to Fiora. In the second act Manfredo has returned from a military expedition, but soon is obliged to leave again. He gives Fiora a scarf, begging her to wave it as a farewell from the battlements. While she is doing this, Avito once more appears. She begs him not to tempt her any more, but his passionate pleadings finally weaken her and she yields to his embraces. Again Archibaldo appears on the scene, and this time she does not deny her guilt; whereupon, in an excess of fury, he strangles her. In the last act her body lies in the crypt of the chapel, surrounded by flowers and mourning women and men in white. Seeing Avito approach, they hastily withdraw. He kisses Fiora's lips and instantly feels the effect of the poison that had been put on them by Archibaldo to trap her lover. Before he dies, Manfredo also appears. "Avenge yourself!" cries Avito; but Manfredo, believing in his wife's innocence to the end, also kisses her lips, and Archibaldo enters to find his son dying.

Sem Benelli, the author of this tragic poem, is among the best-known of Italy's contemporary poets. Its one weakness —and a serious one—is that there is not sufficient action for a three-act opera; but what plot there is is constructed with consummate skill. The scene where Fiora confesses her guilt and the enraged king commits the murder is one of the most impressive tragic episodes on the operatic stage. Its effect on the audience was greatly heightened by the combined personal charm and artistic achievement of Lucrezia Bori. This young Spanish prima donna has the freshest and loveliest voice of all the singers now engaged at the Metropolitan. Vocally, her Fiora was flawless; she has the gift of acting with the voice, which only two or three other singers possess, and in the potency of acting and the charm of facial expression she rivals Geraldine Farrar, whom in many ways she resembles. Even death does not end her art, for she shows herself the superlative actress still while her lifeless body lies on the bench, and when it is carried away by the King.

Should "The Love of Three Kings" prove a success here, it will be chiefly due to the way this scene is presented, and to the marvellous art of Mr. Toscanini in building climaxes and revealing the charms of orchestral coloring in the score. For these, to be sure, the composer must have first credit. His name is Italo Montemezzi. Though he is barely thirty years of age, this is his third opera, the other two having been failures. They doubtless served their purpose in developing his operatic instincts. In his new opera he shows a genuine talent for dramatic effect, for suiting the music to the poem, line by line, and for rising to heights of tragic grandeur. Unfortunately, it is merely talent, not creative genius. Scholarly he is, and conscientious, as well as ingenious, a master of effects and impassioned in pleading; but to an expert it is obvious that there is no real creative power. All the good qualities that can be credited to Signor Montemezzi are things that can be taught and learned; what he lacks is the one thing that cannot be taught—the gift of creating original melodies—the same old story, alas!

It is this lack of individual melody in both the vocal and the orchestral parts that made the first act fall flat; most of it is surprisingly dull. In the second act the fact that the music is melodically uninspired is hidden, even from some trained ears, by the growing interest of the drama, culminating in a thrill. In the final scene the contrast of the two mourning choruses, one at the bier, the other in the distance, is remarkably impressive; yet in this music, too, there is not the note of crea-

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tive genius. Nevertheless, the opera was worth producing. Besides the points in its favor already noted, it has the merit of brevity, and the composer is to be commended for not imitating Debussy, Strauss, or Puccini, as well as for avoiding the cheap and silly cacophonies of the musical "cubists."

The *International* has issued a musical number, with contributions by Daniel Gregory Mason and Cæsar Serchinger. Hereafter there will be a regular department of music in this readable magazine. It will be conducted under the auspices of the National Society of Music, which is engaged in preparing an extensive work entitled "The Art of Music." Among the contributors to this are Debussy, R. Strauss, Elgar, Ernest Newman, and Reginald de Koven. In the December number of the *International* Mr. Serchinger takes up the cudgels for Arnold Schönberg. He thinks that all talk about that bold composer's "insanity" and "viciousness" is silly.

Of Mascagni's many operas only one, "Cavalleria Rusticana," has proved a lasting success; nevertheless, he keeps on adding score to score, and his failures seem to be as profitable as most other people's successes. His latest work, "Parisina," had its first performance anywhere on December 15. The Scala at Milan was crowded to suffocation, although the price asked for an orchestra chair was $20. Probably the fact that the libretto was provided by Gabriele D'Annunzio had something to do with this result. The story is, of course, an unsavory one, and while it was not recognized as a poetic masterwork, the verdict of the critics was that it offered the composer good opportunities. Of these, we read, he did not take advantage to the fullest extent. The vocal parts contain a good deal of uninteresting recitative. The treatment of the orchestra shows the influence of Richard Strauss, whose "Salome" seems to have become a model for Italian composers. The love duos frequently suggest Wagner's "Tristan," and the harmonies of the modern Frenchmen also are in evidence. On account of its extreme length and the scarcity of original melodies, it is not believed that "Parisina" will survive long. The composer conducted the first performance and some of the scenic arrangement had been made under the poet's directions.

Mozart's birthplace, Salzberg, has a new Mozarteum building, the opening of which will be celebrated by a music festival lasting from August 12 to 20, 1914. The programme is most alluring. The Philharmonic Society of Vienna will give three symphony concerts under the direction of Arthur Nikisch and Dr. C. Muck. These concerts will show the development of symphonic music in Austria, from the classics to Brahms and Bruchner, with three Mozart symphonies as the centre of it all. Under Madame Lilli Lehmann's artistic direction "Don Giovanni" will be given in Italian (three performances); Dr. Muck will conduct; Mmes. Lilli Lehmann, Geraldine Farrar, Joanna Gadsky, and Messrs. John Forsell, McCormack, and A. de Segurola will appear in the principal parts. With the gracious permission of his Majesty the Emperor, the Viennese Imperial Court Opera will give two performances of Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail," Franz Schalk, conductor.

Among the many chamber-music associations, that which styles itself the Capet Quartet of Paris has, since it began to travel to all parts of musical Europe, come very much to the fore. Even in the large capitals of Germany and Austria, which nearly all boast their own indigenous artists famous for ensemble playing, the Frenchmen have been admitted to be inferior to none in their special field. Greater delicacy of execution, nicer balance of tone, or a truer understanding of the entire classical repertory can be found nowhere, it is asserted by those who have heard them.

Sir Frederick Cowen has been invited to conduct a concert of his own compositions at Monte Carlo next month. The pieces he has chosen for this occasion are, doubtless, what he regards as his best works: the "Scandinavian" symphony, the "Phantasy of Life and Love," and "The Butterflies' Waltz."

With the exception of Camille Saint-Saëns, the most prominent pianist in France for some decades was Stéphane Raoul Pugno, who died on Saturday in Moscow, during a Russian tour. He was of Italian descent on his father's side, and was born at Montrouge (Isle de France) on June 23, 1852. His mother was from Lorraine. His father was a dealer in musical instruments in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and among these Raoul grew up. His talent developed early. At the Conservatoire he was a special protégé of Ambroise Thomas, and he won prize after prize. The Prix de Rome he could not get because of his not being of French descent. He successively held the post of organist and choirmaster in several churches in Paris. For some years he was professor of harmony and the piano at the Conservatoire. He also became known as the composer of some operettas, an oratorio, and piano pieces. But after 1893 he became best known as pianist. He made several successful tours of the United States, the first being with Ysaye.

Art

Charles Conder, His Life and Works. By Frank Gibson. New York: John Lane Co. Illustrated. $6 net.

Charles Conder was one of the most brilliant members of that self-admiring and self-indulgent group of young geniuses who twenty years ago found fame through the press of Leonard Smithers and through Mr. John Lane's *Yellow Book*. Poets and painters alike, they were saturated with the current French symbolism. Except in a somewhat strenuous bohemianism, they cannot be called a robust lot. Almost to a man they died in the thirties, leaving rather exquisite intimations than complete and consistent works. In temperament—and they were all very strong on temperament—they were classic pagans, or mystics, or exquisite decadents, after the French type—in short, the most un-British set that may well be imagined. Pictorially, Charles Conder, New Zealander by birth, Australian by education, French decadent by preference, and Londoner by residence, was a faithful representative of the mood of the group. They repaid his leadership with an extravagant admiration, in which his brilliant and winning personality naturally blended inextricably with his art. The cult spread, and for a matter of fifteen years Conder has been a shibboleth. To possess some scrap of silk delicately tinted with his brush was to hold a patent of æsthetic nobility. Five years after his death the spell is still strong. Charles Conder and Augustus John, these are the names that are unfurled before the skeptic as to a worthy English art.

From Frank Gibson's memoir and essay it seems possible to us to surmise a very definite artistic temperament. To do so becomes something of an act of divination, for Conder's uneventful life is merely sketched, and his work is passed in somewhat descriptive and perfunctory review. Still, what is done is done carefully. The work is listed with surprising thoroughness. Campbell Dodgson has catalogued the prints. Then the charming little folio contains more than a hundred plates representing Conder's work in all its phases. It is upon these reproductions and memory of the New York exhibition of two years ago that we must rely. Mr. Gibson's work is dignified and adequate, the fitting tribute of an old friend, but precisely its discretion is its weakness. Let us indulge a reasonable indiscretion in the hope of genuine portrayal.

Charles Conder was born in 1868 in New Zealand and trained chiefly as a landscape painter in Australia. At the age of twenty-two he was a Parisian, and a Parisian he remained through residence for a matter of four years, and by æsthetic inclination always. It was the Paris of Verlaine and the Japanese Club, of the glory of the symbolists in letters and of the impressionists in painting. Conder drank deeply of it all. Watteau seen through Verlaine's "Fêtes Galantes," a modicum of Whistler and the Japanese, later a strong tinge of Goya—these are the influences delicately combined in Conder's work. Anquetin became in a degree his guide, Toulouse-Lautrec his friend. Through his early years in France he continued to paint landscapes, but by his twenty-sixth year he had developed the peculiar style and medium that brought him fame. By the slightest iridescent indications on silk, in water-color, he could create a little pastoral world. Such drawings were usually in the form of fans, but occasionally in more conventional forms. Now and then he painted strips of silk

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for wall decorations, and sometimes pencilled the ribbons that adorned a frock. A sultry and quite entrancing feminism is the note of this work. The embodiment is the most superficial—in a technical sense Conder never mastered the trade of the figure-painter—but the emotion is fully conveyed. It is the specific nature of this emotion that must occupy us.

In pearly silken regions women pass slowly or more languidly recline. Some are clothed, but their bosoms strain under the light coverings. About the half-revealed forms of other women the draperies cling as they fall away. The postures and motions of all are hesitant, ambiguous. These fair denizens of pearly realms seem bewildered by half-sensed desires. Their world is saturated with the warmth of sex, but they know not to whom to give themselves. The mood is a curious middle stage between the wistful muted amorousness of a Watteau and the frank sensuality of a Goya. The light is often crepuscular, but rarely at all specific, and occasionally the whole design is shot with crimson, green, or blue, after the fashion of an illumined stage. It is a woman's world. There is no struggle in it except perhaps the eternal struggle between mind and temperament. Which is to win, no spectator will doubt for a minute. Unmistakable as are the sensuous implications of Conder's art, they are also very subtle and diffused. What is present is not desire for a particular person, nor even of sex; rather an urgent and smouldering desire for desire. It is precisely the languid dulcet note of a book that to Conder personally and to many of his generation was a gospel of beauty, "Mademoiselle de Maupin." No painter has caught the mood so completely as Conder, and this implies a consummate artistic tact. To steer with Gautier a course between perversity on one hand and grossness on the other, to elevate green sickness to an æsthetic, to present the bewildered human animal without waiver of pathos and grace—all this requires a sentimentality most highly intellectualized.

Obviously, such feats are proper to times of decadence. And, in fact, Conder's exquisite and personal gift could assume importance only in some interspace when the sense of great art was lost. Despite a few charming Whistlerian landscapes, there is little of the open air about him. The roses which he sheds so generously about his women might better be orchids. He himself is an exotic in England. His single note is sounded with such vibrant exquisiteness as, once heard, to be quite unforgettable. Among the minor lyrists of an age that overvalued the lyric cry, he is one of the most complete, distinctive, and accomplished.

His later years were passed between his delightful home at Chelsea and dearly loved spots in France, Italy, and Spain. Like most of his companions, he had burned himself out prematurely. He died in 1909, only forty-one years old. Nothing but repetition of his successful vein is promised by his last works. With most of the group to which he belonged his quality remained that of a charming and perverse adolescence. He never developed an adult style and was fortunate in going before his youth had wholly passed.

The following volumes are promised early next month by McBride, Nast & Co.: "The Art of Nijinsky," by Geoffrey Whitworth, with ten illustrations in color by Dorothy Mulloch; "The Craft of Hand-Made Rugs," by Amy Mali Hicks, and "Baroque Architecture," by Martin S. Briggs.

The British Museum has recently purchased a Roman mosaic of great interest. It was discovered at Romain-en-Gallia, the site of a Roman town on the bank of the Rhone, opposite Vienne (Isère), to the south of Lyons. The mosaic is distinguished by completeness, only small portions being restored. It measures about 12 feet by 10 feet 6 inches, and formed the floor of a room. The design consists of a central panel with four medallions, one at each corner. The central panel contains a nude figure with a hound; the medallions respectively Dionysus, wreathed; a bust of a young Satyr; busts of an old Satyr and a Mænad, and busts of a young Pan and a Mænad. Each of these medallions is surrounded by a square border, the corners of which are filled with birds. The prevailing colors in the mosaic are black, white, red, and yellow, but other shades are also introduced. Though not comparable with the finest work in this style in Naples and Rome, this mosaic is of finer workmanship than that of the provincial work found in Britain and Africa. The squares employed are indeed exceedingly small, particularly in the panel and the medallions, and they have been pieced together with extraordinary skill.

A. E. Gallatin has done a useful thing very well in "The Portraits and Caricatures of James McNeill Whistler, an Iconography" (Lane). Twenty-nine self portraits are recorded, of which three have been challenged by various authorities. Many of the self-portraits are slight or in small groups, and none represents the mature man satisfactorily. For this one must look to such portraits as Chase's and Boldini's and to the photographs, which Mr. Gallatin faithfully registers. There is a tantalizing mention of a collection of unfinished self portraits at London, access to which was denied the cataloguer. Whistler was a shining mark for the caricaturist. It is surprising that only thirty-five examples have been found. The diligence of Mr. Gallatin's iconograph quest is shown by the fact that he records the cover design for a Whistler cigar. There are twenty cuts, ten of which are first publications. Like its attractive predecessors from Mr. Gallatin's hand, the little book is fastidiously made and the edition limited.

"Animal Sculpture" (Putnam), by Walter Winans, is a book of terse practical advice by an artist who has won high awards. Modelling should be from memory, and the all-important matters are right placing of the main muscles and right slant of the chief planes. If this be done, and it must be done not from immediate observation, but from analytical knowledge previously acquired, the contours will take care of themselves. Mr. Winans advises making two plaster casts of the model thus blocked out, one to keep in reserve, one to be used for adding details in plastacine. The method proposed is highly intellectual and disciplinary. Its use would do away with absurdities of pose and balance which have disfigured much of the animal sculpture of the past. We agree with Mr. Winans as to the value of sheer concentrated observation fixed by slight sketches. One models what he knows rather than what he sees. Mr. Winans's position is that of the realist. His scorn of Greek animal sculpture, supported by a single illustration which is not Greek, will not be shared by many art lovers. It is disconcerting to find Barye barely mentioned in such a book, and the Colleoni statue called Colonna and located at Rome. Such opinions and errors suggest lack of culture, but culture is not the point of a book intended for craftsmen. The practical counsels seem to us almost without exception sound, and the whole tendency makes against the superficiality of much modern sculpture.

The sub-titles of books seldom attract attention, and the ordinary reader of the volume on "Charles Follen McKim" (Houghton Mifflin), by Alfred Hoyt Granger, will be likely to overlook the fact that it claims to be no more than "a study" of the life and work of the great architect. To those who knew McKim most intimately, however, the book must seem inadequate on the one hand and somewhat misleading on the other. Biographically it is clearly too slight a sketch to have great value; and as a discussion of McKim's mode of work, and of the results accomplished by him, it can scarcely be said to be accurate. An author nowadays who produces a profusely illustrated book should remember that many of those who open its pages will judge of it very largely by its pictorial contents. And in this Mr. Granger does both McKim and those who worked in partnership with him no little injustice. In his text he indeed tells his reader that a number of the plates presented are included rather to show the influence of McKim upon the work done by his firm than to suggest that the buildings referred to were his own creations; but this fact will be overlooked by the casual reader who is certain to be led to impute to McKim certain buildings that bear no trace of his authorship. Injustice is thus done not only to McKim, but also to his partners, especially to his younger partners, whose personality is lost in the firm name, and to whom he was ever ready to accord the very fullest credit. It is nothing less than a serious blunder, for instance, to have included among the illustrations a photogravure of the new Municipal office building in New York, which was not designed until after illness had compelled him to withdraw entirely from practice. McKim's great influence within and without his atelier is not to be ques-

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tioned; and it was an influence which always pointed to perfection. But he was associated throughout his career with other men of strong individuality; and it is neither fair to him nor to them to suggest, even by indirection, that their personal taste was subordinated to his. The book, however, has its value as an enthusiastic appreciation of a great architect, and we may, therefore, overlook the fact that it is defective in critical acumen. It is, as it were, a wreath of laurel laid upon the tomb of McKim by one who feels that his own life was enriched by contact with him; and it may be accepted as representative of the respect and admiration of that large number of the younger architects who feel that they owe a debt of gratitude to the master who inspired them with devotion to ideals. The book is beautifully printed, and the illustrations are well made.

Finance

BEGINNING THE NEW YEAR.

The first business day of the new year was marked by curiously opposite movements in the home and foreign money markets. At New York call money rose to 10 per cent., a figure not surpassed at any time in 1913. At London, on the contrary, discount rates declined ½ of 1 per cent. to the lowest figure since the opening of October, and at Berlin a decline of ⅜ brought actually the lowest rate since the outbreak of the Balkan War.

High call loan rates at New York for the opening of the year are not altogether unusual—14 per cent. was quoted at the opening of 1910, 20 per cent. at the opening of 1908, 40 per cent. at the opening of 1907, and 125 per cent. at the opening of 1906. But in 1910, when January opened with 14 per cent., such an inflow of cash to New York ensued that the maximum rate from the middle of that month to the end of March was 3½ per cent. In the preceding year, with 20 per cent. for call money, the highest quotation for the two next months was 3.

To many people who scanned the tape between ten and three o'clock on the first business day of the new year, or who ran their eye over the afternoon newspapers' financial pages somewhat later, the action of the markets was undoubtedly disappointing. There had been such an outburst of cheerful talk and prophecy, in the financial comment and forecast of the several preceding days, that it seemed the plain duty of the Stock Exchange and the money market to act in character. That prices on the one should have moved uncertainly, and that rates on the other should have risen to a figure higher than any in 1913, was unpleasantly like a dash of frigid water on the glowing expectations.

One is not compelled, however, to take it immediately for granted that this introductory movement is the keynote of 1914, or to apply to the financial situation the analogy of the traditional citizen who constructs on January 1 a new programme for his life and conduct, and on January 2 has to report a day's performances closely resembling those of the previous year. A market has to put some distance between itself and the "year-end readjustments" before it can begin to show its actual character. Even the year of easy money and after-panic revival, 1908, was ushered in with the Wall Street call-money rate at no less than 20 per cent.

The calendar does not always settle the course of events, and the passing into another year is no guarantee that another set of governing influences is in operation. Yet it is hard to shake off the belief that events have combined, at this particular turn of the year, to alter rather strikingly the complexion of affairs. Wall Street, which always likes to have its superstitions fulfilled, may have had a certain satisfaction in the outcome of such a numbered year as 1913; but gratification that the ill-omened Wall Street year is ended will undoubtedly be the leading sentiment of the hour. This feeling certainly will not be weakened by the unanimous admission that, whatever may be the general forecast as to 1914, the actual situation has necessarily been changed by the bewildering succession of important occurrences in the past three weeks.

The financial community may, in its own judgment, prophesy good or ill from the enacted Banking and Currency law, from the Telephone Company's truce with the Government, and from the long step made towards the peaceful and harmonious ending of the "Money Trust" agitation, through the announcement, by the Morgans, of their firm's retirement from "interlocking directorates" on which it is personally represented. It is possible enough for the reasoners of Wall Street to insist that each of these developments may mean derangement of an agreeable *status quo*. But even the discontented critics will be the first to recognize that through these changes we at least part company with some important underlying factors in the uncertainties of 1913, and that now it is possible to look ahead.

It is possible also, in contemplating the more recent of these occurrences, to set up a very fair argument that they are bringing American finance in general, not from a safe and normal anchorage into an unknown sea, but from an exceedingly tempestuous course, whose end could be surmised by no one, into the old and well-charted channels of the past. The markets and the financial community have been observing, listening, and learning, since they were informed with angry exaggeration, during the exchange of political compliments in 1912, that to abandan these hazardous financial experiments of the decade past would be to "revert to the business methods of half a century ago."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, E. S. The Awakening of the Hartwells. American Tract Society.
Bacon, B. W. Theodore Thornton Munger: New England Minister. Yale Univ. Press. $3 net.
Beaumont, E. T. Ancient Memorial Brasses. Oxford Univ. Press.
Bell, P. D. Gloria Gray, Love Pirate. Chicago: Roberts & Co. $1.25 net.
Blake, William. Poetical Works. Edited by John Sampson. Oxford University Press.
Braithwaite, W. S. Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913. Cambridge, Mass.: The Author. $1 net.
Coppée, François. On rend l'argent. Edited with notes by P. W. Harry. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.
Cromwell, Oliver. Speeches, collected and edited by C. L. Stainer. Oxford Univ. Press.
Dawbarn, C. Y. C. Uncrowned: A Story of Queen Elizabeth and the Early Life of Francis "Bacon." Longmans. $1.75 net.
Fassett, J. H. The Beacon First Reader. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.
Fenn, R. W. Horacio: A Tale of Brazil. American Tract Society.
Gerstäcker's Germelshausen. Edited with notes by R. W. Haller. Merrill Co. 40 cents.
Griffin, G. G. Writings on American History: A Bibliography of Books and Articles published during 1911. Washington: American Historical Association.
Hare, M. C. Norris Wright Cuney. Crisis Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Harvard University Catalogue—1913-14. Cambridge.
Harvey, Alexander. The Toe, and Other Tales. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Hepburn, A. B. The Story of an Outing. Harper.
Hunt, T. W. English Literary Miscellany. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. $1.50 net.
Jackson, H. C. Black Ivory and White: The Story of El Zubeir Pasha. London: Blackwell.
Jenks, J. W., and Lauck, W. J. The Immigration Problem. Third edition revised. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.75 net.
Jerrold, W., and Leonard, R. M. A Century of Parody and Imitation: A Compilation. (1812-1912.) Oxford University Press.
Johnson, S. W. Letter-files, edited by Elizabeth A. Osborne. Yale Univ. Press. $2.50 net.
Macaulay, Lord. Historical Essays, and Literary Essays contributed to the Edinburgh Review. 2 vols. Oxford Univ. Press.
Macaulay's War of the Succession in Spain, Edited, with notes, by C. T. Atkinson. Oxford Univ. Press.
Martin, P. F. Maximilian in Mexico: The Story of the French Intervention. Scribner.
Maxwell, W. B. The Devil's Garden. (Advance copy.) Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Miller, G. S. Fifty-one New Malayan Mammals. Smithsonian Institution.
Morgan, C. L. Spencer's Philosophy of Science: A Lecture delivered at the Museum, November, 1913. Oxford Univ. Press.
Moser, Gustav von. Der Bibliothekar. Edited by F. W. C. Lieder. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Oxenham, John. Bees in Amber. American Tract Society.
Philip, R. G. A Vision and a Voice. London: Robert Scott.
Phillpotts, Eden. From the Angle of Seventeen. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.20 net.
Prain, D. Index Kewensis—Supplementum IV (1906-1910). Oxford University Press.
Reboux, P., and Muller, C. A la Manière de. . . . Three series. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

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Richardson, A. O. The Power of Advertising. Lambert Pub. Co.
Royal Historical Society publications. Selections from the Correspondence of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex—1675-1677. Camden Third Series, Vol. XXIV. London: The Society.
Shakespeare. Plays edited, with notes, by G. S. Gordon. Richard II. Oxford Univ. Press.
Venn, John. Early Collegiate Life. Cambridge, England: Heffer & Sons.
Vinogradoff, Paul. Essays in Legal History. Oxford University Press.
Wallis, A. F. Idonia: A Romance of Old London. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.30 net.
Whittier, J. G. Selected Poems. (World's Classics.) Oxford University Press.
Wildenbruch's Kindertränen. Edited by Carolyn Kreykenbohm. Merrill Co. 50 cents.

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